The Nation.

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The Week.

Lincoln's English style has been long admired. Where Lincoln got it, or, rather, how he beat it out for himself, has never been fully or satisfactorily explained. But it would appear that he not only had style himself, but is sometimes able to provoke it in others. President Roosevelt's address, at the Lincoln celebration in Kentucky, strikes us as the best piece of composition that ever came from his pen. Not without some obvious blemishes, it yet utters a just sentiment in fit language. Cutting away the excesses of his customary writing, the President has, in this speech, sought the simple word for the sincere feeling. With the brevity of strength, and with an awed sense of a personality too great for expression, Mr. Roosevelt's address is worthy of its theme.

William Nelson Cromwell's protest that patriotism alone impelled him to serve his country in the Panama affair, and that he has received nothing beyond proper professional recompense, will be read with satisfaction. The country hopes that no further scandals will be disclosed in this Panama mess, if only because the canal zone itself bids fair to continue to be the graveyard of engineering reputations. But Mr. Cromwell's denial, and the violent attacks upon the New York *World* and Representative Rainey in the House of Representatives last week, merely emphasize again the necessity of thoroughly laying bare all the Panama history. Mr. Cromwell and the Roosevelt administration must not forget that they are pursued by innuendo partly because the establishment of the Panama republic was so indefensible in law and morals, so obviously a fraudulent dismembering of a sister nation by a bogus rebellion, as to make suspicion certain. Therefore, the country is entitled to know the whole truth. It has been asked for at least twice the amount of money that was at first named as ample to build the canal; the progress of the enterprise has not been what was promised; the plans have been changed; and an impression of uncertainty given. Under such circumstances, inquirers must not be arraigned as slanderers or critics as traitors.

It is a fact open to sardonic comment that two such distinguished Constitutional lawyers as Judge Taft and Senator Knox should have forgotten that a clause in the Constitution made the latter's appointment in the former's Cabinet illegal. According to our organic law,

> No Senator . . . shall, during the time for which he is elected, be appointed to any civil office . . . which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time.

Now, the emoluments of the Secretary of State had been increased during Mr. Knox's term as Senator: therefore, he was ineligible to hold that office until Congress put back the salary of the Secretary of State to its old figure. His appointment, when clearly ineligible, cannot fairly be said to argue a growing disregard of the Constitution. No one thought of the inhibitory clause, for the reason that there has been for so many years no occasion to invoke it. Its purpose was, clearly, to prevent corrupt agreements between the Executive and members of Congress. Judge Story declared the object of the provision to be "manifest." "It is to secure the Legislature against undue influence, and indirect corruption, on the part of the Executive." The idea was, plainly, to prevent log-rolling combinations, whereby the President might get what legislation he desired by means of promises to put certain law-makers in fat offices. But such practices have so long ceased to be thought of as possible that the law forbidding them has been entirely forgotten.

There is, of course, no likelihood that Congress will heed the President's plea for a Federal children's bureau. Nothing is now likely to pass except the great appropriation bills. As a matter of fact, however, the proposal is harmless enough, for the children's bureau would have no functions beyond collecting and disseminating information. Today, if any one wishes to find out about child-labor laws, the number of juvenile courts, the growth of the probationary system, he has no general source of information. Desertion, juvenile illiteracy, illegitimacy—these are matters of vital interest to the nation, yet no one commands the exact facts as to their prevalence. Even the Conference on Dependent Children, the admirable results of whose sessions the President transmitted to Congress on Monday, began its statement of findings with the confession that it did not know how many dependent children there were. Obviously, every intelligent worker in this field is handicapped by this ignorance, intensified as it is by the attitude of State governments, some of which will answer an individual inquiry, and some of which will not. Much of the money now wasted on battleships might better be devoted to undertakings of this kind.

Trial by jury reaches its acme of absurdity in the case of the murderers of Senator Carmack, now proceeding at Nashville. After more than three weeks of elimination of the intelligent, a jury was found on Saturday which contains four absolute illiterates, two others who can barely read, while all twelve swear that they have not read a newspaper since the shooting, some adding, with a fine superiority like that of Mr. Balfour, that they had not read a paper for ten years. So much for the ridiculous laws in America, ostensibly aiming to secure impartiality in a jury, but really obtaining stupidity. Better openly fill the box from the idiot-asylums and the ranks of the defective. We sincerely hope that the Nashville jury will be capable of following the evidence and doing its duty; but certainly the law of Tennessee has done its best, not only to prove that it is an ass, but to make sure that the really competent men shall be barred from trying an issue, not only of life and death, but of civilization itself. Perhaps we needed such a ghastly exhibition in order to induce lawyers and judges to set about the long delayed reform of our jury-laws.

The decision of the Irish Nationalists not to sever their Parliamentary alliance with the Liberals, leaves the Asquith government in possession of that

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dwindled majority of over 250 to which Winston Churchill recently alluded. The Liberal Cabinet seems in a condition to live out its appointed days, if it so wills. Its troubles, and these, of course, are bound to come, will arise less from the depletion of the government majority than from the serious problems of finance and administration that grow more difficult with the passing months. The Dreadnought mania is spreading. The strengthening of the land forces is, according to last reports, being feverishly prosecuted. Old-age pensions are eating up over £8,000,000 a year. Ireland calls for the emission of a huge loan to complete the land-purchase programme. Where all the needed money is to come from, Mr. Lloyd-George will have to show when Parliament reassembles in the course of a few days. And the English voter has this Hobson's choice: that if he turns out the Liberals and their financial plans, he must bring in the Unionists, who likewise stand for Dreadnoughts, increased land forces, and old-age pensions, and, in addition, father a fiscal policy which may set English revenues topsy-turvy.

It is reasonable to connect King Edward's visit to Berlin with the announcement that France and Germany have settled their differences with regard to Morocco. The meeting between King and Kaiser was received by a skeptical world as betokening no particular change in the tenor of Anglo-German relations. True, the King and Kaiser kissed when they met, but in London "An Englishman's Home" was playing to frenzied audiences. Yet it is difficult to see just what King Edward and the Kaiser could do to convince an unbelieving world of their sincere desire for peace between the nations. Germany and England have no concrete quarrels on hand, and therefore have nothing to make peace over. It is different with Germany and France. Between them the question of Morocco has hovered as a constant source of irritation. To have removed Morocco from the sphere of international contentions is to have done away with the most serious danger to European peace that has arisen in the last half-decade, not excepting even this winter's Balkan crisis. Nor is it conceivable that Great Britain, which has consistently been backing France in her Moroccan policy, should have nothing to do with the new arrangement with Germany. Thus King Edward, precluded from extending an olive branch on behalf of his own country, has spoken a word of good will to Germany through Britain's friend.

The French statesman whose reputation will most profit by the Franco-German agreement concerning Morocco is neither M. Clemenceau nor Foreign Minister Pichon, creditable though the arrangement is to them, but M. Jaurès. Ever since the appearance of the Moroccan question in acute form in the spring of 1905, the Socialist orator has fought, with tremendous persistence, against a policy of adventure in Morocco and in favor of a thorough understanding with Germany. M. Jaurès's demand that the French evacuate Morocco unconditionally, a responsible government could not, of course, entertain. But there can be little doubt that his incessant pleading for friendship with Germany has markedly influenced the course of the Clemenceau Ministry. The fact that in domestic matters M. Jaurès stands close to the revolutionary Socialists should not obscure his services to the cause of European peace. His confidence in the pacific intentions of the European masses when immune from Jingo agitation, might well be emulated by non-Socialistic politicians. It is a faith which the course of events on the Continent increasingly justifies. Whether statesmen have grown smaller or democracy bigger, it is no longer easy for a single diplomat to bring the war clouds over Europe. This was shown in the Balkan trouble. In spite of editors trying to lash themselves into a fury, in spite of diplomatic notes, rejoinders, deadlocks, crises, mobilizations, what Aehrenthal said, what Isvolski said, what Milovanovitch said, and what the Servians and Montenegrins were bound to do, the inclination towards a pacific settlement was manifest from the beginning. Europe does not play with the idea of war as it did in earlier days.

We may regret that differences should have appeared so soon within the ranks of the Turkish Constitutional party; yet there is reason for congratulation that the first crisis of the kind should have been settled in the proper way by a vote in Parliament and the retirement of the defeated Ministry. Dispatches from Constantinople have been meagre. Apparently, however, the Committee of Union and Progress, which engineered last summer's successful revolution and holds control of a majority in Parliament, has grown dissatisfied with the policy of the grand vizier, Kiamil Pasha, as needlessly timid and conservative. The committee leaders have felt that negotiations with Bulgaria and Austria should have been carried on more aggressively. For some time the organ of the Committee of Union and Progress has been vigorously attacking the Kiamil Cabinet. Its editor was ostensibly disciplined a few weeks ago, but that was evidently because the committee leaders were not quite ready to join issue. That they were not wasting their time, however, is shown by the almost unanimous vote of the Chamber against the Prime Minister. The crisis was precipitated when Kiamil, a few days ago, dismissed his Ministers of War and Marine, who were actively in sympathy with the Committee of Union and Progress.

But in the overturn at Constantinople there was clearly involved something more than a difference between the zealous reformers and cautious among the Young Turks. The difficult problem of the nationalities is now coming to the front, as was inevitable. The Young Turks who carried out the revolution, it will be remembered, were actuated in very large measure by a strong Ottoman patriotism. There was to be not only a constitutionalized Turkey, but a reinvigorated and consolidated empire, within which fair treatment should be accorded to every nationality, but predominance should go to the Turks proper, who, after all, were the masters and the majority. Hence the Committee of Union and Progress is anxious that Parliament shall not be turned into a device for dismembering the Empire under some such name as local self-government or national autonomy. The fact that Kiamil Pasha had his support among the Greek, Arab, and Albanian Deputies shows how the lines of nationality were being drawn. The downfall of Kiamil apparently means that the centralizing, patriotic policy of the original Young Turks will prevail for the time. Only on this ground can we understand why the new Premier should

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be Hilmi Pasha, who, during his long term as inspector-general of reforms in Macedonia, made these reforms a farce and a tragedy. Hilmi was constantly referred to as the Sultan's *âme damnée*, his jackal. Surely, the Young Turks would not choose him as vizier if it were the Sultan alone they were afraid of.

The reorganization of the Austrian Cabinet has followed upon the recent adjournment of the Reichsrath amidst a glory of flying inkstands, fisticuffs, and objurgations unusual even for the Parliament of Cisleithania. Baron von Bienerth remains Prime Minister and keeps his Ministers of Interior and Defence. All the other portfolios have been distributed among representatives of the pacific nationalities and parties. The conditions offer a striking commentary on the measure of Austria's sincerity in her supposedly bellicose attitude on the Balkan question. Already rent apart by racial feuds, Austria would be playing with dynamite if she lightheartedly proceeded to an attack on the Slavs of Servia and Montenegro. The assimilation of the Bosnians will be a difficult task as it is. It would be rendered all the harder if war came first to leave behind it memories of hatred and bitter loss.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

The settlement of our quarrel with Venezuela will doubtless be received in this country with mixed feelings. There will be general satisfaction, not altogether selfish, that Venezuela has entered once more into the circle of civilized nations from which Castro practically excommunicated her. There will be satisfaction, too, that the deadlock between the Venezuelan government and foreign enterprise, a deadlock by which both sides were likely to lose, should be removed, and that commercial intercourse is to be resumed. Finally, there will be satisfaction at the mode by which the agreement was reached. The various questions in dispute have either been compromised or relegated to the Hague Tribunal for adjudication, the latter procedure being a happy instance of the growing habit of peace among the world's diplomats. Criticism of the new arrangement will come from those who believe that on the most important of the issues the attitude of Castro was completely justified —namely, in the affair of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. The company's complicity in the Matos revolution has been established, and one may well ask whether under the circumstances any other government would have acted more leniently than Castro did. President Gomez now consents to restore the asphalt company's property and permit it to resume business on the payment of the comparatively trifling fine of $60,000.

Whether foreign residents in Venezuela will assume quite the haughty air of former days, whether foreign capital will go back to playing politics in the old unscrupulous ways, time alone will show. South America is dangerous ground for the prophet. Yet certain signs point towards better things. Castro has not lived and noisily wrought mischief in vain. He has served his country well by drawing notice to its wrongs, as well as to its shortcomings. The very conditions that made Castro's long reign possible were an indictment of the methods pursued by foreigners in Venezuela. It is scarcely conceivable that the country would have remained so long in a state of comparative content under the rule of a despot and a grafter, if Castro had not also played the rôle of champion of Venezuela against foreign exploitation. The American business corporation that organized and paid for revolutions for the sake of gain, the French citizen who behaved as if the police laws of Venezuela did not apply to him, the German citizen who lost a mule in a street riot and put in a claim for damages to the amount of ten thousand dollars—all this combined to mitigate the odium of Castro's tyrannies and embezzlements. If he finally fell, it was because even he went too far. He had "restored" his country by restoring it almost to that blissful state of isolation which brooded over Venezuela before Columbus touched its shores. Thus it was that Venezuela had to get back to normal relations with the outside world, and compromise was the only way. Still, if Gomez has yielded too much, there will always be the possibility of a Castro to keep the unscrupulous foreigner within bounds.

But more than by fear of vengeful dictators, the foreign trouble-maker in Venezuela and elsewhere in South America must be held back by the growth in Europe and North America of a healthy public opinion regarding the rights and duties of foreigners in these troubled southern republics. The time is, we trust, fast passing when the subject of a foreign Power may wrap his country's flag about some particularly nasty transaction, and have his country invariably back him up, unquestioning and unafraid. On this point the government of the United States has some reason to congratulate itself. We have made no concealment of the weakness of our cause where it has been weak. The press and the administration have shown no desire to excuse the misdeeds of the Bermudez Asphalt Company, and such general recognition of Venezuela's rights, even when defended by a Castro, is guarantee of a continued fair dealing with Venezuela on the part of the American people. If the Bermudez Company has been let off easily, it is partly because of a desire of both our government and the new régime in Venezuela to clean all troubles away and make a fresh start. It is doubtful whether the Bermudez Company or any other will care to appeal to Washington a second time with a story of "unjust" confiscation.

The shifting of our attitude towards Venezuela is typical of our changing view of Spanish and Portuguese America in general. The tendency now is to look upon that more than baker's dozen of republics as something beside the breeding place of comic-opera revolutions. The increasing prosperity of the southernmost republics, their growing prominence at international conferences, the closer intellectual intercourse between the two Americas—all this means fuller knowledge and completer sympathy. The old conception of South America as a continent inhabited by "greasers" who like to fight and hate to work, is, we regret to confess, still strong. It was formulated only a few days ago by that eminent authority on anthropology and student of alien races, Assemblyman Drew of California, when he pointed to South America as the home of "a shiftless, worthless, mongrel race, that the world does not want, the most worthless in the world." To that view there will be fewer and fewer subscribers as the years go by.

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THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN FOREIGN EYES.

Although Lincoln the Emancipator is now less spoken of than Lincoln the man of the people, the statesman, and the President, there must be many thousands of people whose minds have turned to the extraordinary progress of the American negro since Lincoln struck the shackles from his limbs. An illiteracy cut from the 95 per cent. of 1865 to 87 in 1870, and in the three decades between 1870 and 1900 to something over 40; the ownership of vast tracts of land, the invasion of the industries and the professions—these things would strike with amazement those who gave their lives for the liberty of the slave, could they but see the results of that great sacrifice. For to most Northerners in 1860 the negro was a mere beast of burden, often, as in the case of the Sea Islands blacks, among whom the first negro regiment was formed, but little changed from African habits of thought and life; always pitifully ignorant and ragged; and, often enough, with lash-torn flesh and mutilated face.

That there are discouragements enough in our national attitude toward the negro forty-four years after Lincoln's death, cannot be denied. No one who took part in the celebration at Springfield, Illinois, last week can forget that but a year ago innocent negroes were butchered in the streets there because they were negroes. In the steady filching of the negro's political rights, we tend to revert to that condition of half-slave, half-free which Lincoln declared to be intolerable. He would, we believe, be the first to say that a native-born, educated—and often property-owning—American who is deprived of the ballot is defenceless before his enemies; and he would find illustrations without number to prove his contention. For Lincoln to see those same poor black creatures who swarmed about him when he reached Richmond after its fall, whose pathetic, hysterical joy over their saviour from slavery he curbed with such wise and kindly advice—to see these fellow-citizens now set apart in trains, street cars, and all public places, by an iron caste, would appall the greatest apostle of democracy. Appall, but not discourage. When to his disappointment in 1856 but two persons came to the mass-meeting he had called at Springfield to ratify the Illinois anti-Nebraska Convention of 1856, he heartened himself, his partner Herndon, and John Pain, by saying:

> Under all this seeming want of life and motion the world does move, nevertheless. Be hopeful and now let us adjourn and appeal to the people.

So must those who to-day work in his spirit, so must the negroes themselves, appeal to the people in whose hearts still resides that sense of justice in which Lincoln never lost faith.

Not even Lincoln himself, however, would be so optimistic as the latest student of our negro problem, Sir Harry Johnston, the African traveller and historian of African colonization, who has just contributed six articles on "The Negro in America" to the London *Times*. In his summary of our perplexities, he says, *solvitur ambulando:*

> While we are theorizing on this side and on that, predicting one extreme solution or another, in all probability the difficulty is gradually thinning out. In twenty years' time, there may be no more need to discuss the color question in the United States.

If this view seems almost fantastic, the standing of the writer and the fact that many of the most truthful pictures of the underlying evils of slavery came in antebellum days from the pens of such gifted foreigners as Harriet Martineau, Fanny Kemble, and George Thompson, forbid the curt dismissal of his hopes, and of his opinion as to the unique Southern attempt to carry on a democratic government and an industrial system with two groups of people wholly set apart. To Sir Harry Johnston, even with his wide knowledge of Africa, the segregation of "the educated and colored people of good standing" is simply "nonsense" that is bound, with time, to be abated. He does not believe that the recognition and humane treatment of these worthy people will either stimulate intermarriage of the races or lead to increased crimes against the whites.

Indeed, as to the "last excuse on the part of Southern politicians, mob orators, and ill-regulated journalists for slandering and oppressing the colored people," namely, the crimes against women, Sir Harry Johnston declares, with refreshing vigor: "The world, the educated world outside of the eleven Southern States, has had about enough of this bogey." While he was able to find twenty-four cases of attacks by black men on white women in the year 1907, he has learned, on good authority, that the charges of rape of white and black women by white men in the Southern States would "double the misdeeds of the negroes."

The white South will be still less pleased with Sir Harry Johnston's assertion that it needs education more than the negro, and that he is astonished at the childish ignorance of press and pulpit in the South and Central West, concerning everything, save the immediate interests of plantation or borough. "A self-satisfied ignorance," he calls it; and this "narrow, eminently provincial intellect" he blames for "all the trouble and exacerbation over the negro question." Finally he adds:

> When the South closes down all State discussion of that indefensible Civil War, and matches the physical beauty and vigor of its white population with an equally high mental development, the negro problem in the United States will be finally solved and kept in a state of solution.

That the white South is sorely in need of that enlarged vision, of which slavery and subsequent evils have hitherto deprived it, is indisputable. Fortunately, as Sir Harry Johnston sees, the change is at hand; the white South is beginning to get a higher and broader education.

Nevertheless, we wish the Lincoln celebration might have been marked by some great step forward for the colored people, not merely the endowment of this college or that hospital, but the creation by some of our philanthropists of a great fund, the income of which might be used for the intelligent help and guidance of the race. The negro needs to be studied, to be better equipped for all the duties of citizenship. The complicated question of providing for his education, in the rudiments of letters and sciences, in agriculture and the industries, and also in the professions, must be attacked with constructive intelligence working upon a large mass of carefully gathered facts. In this field of training the negro we still grope and stumble in the dark. Why build a Lincoln boulevard from Washington to Gettysburg when money might be spent in ways far more useful and more grateful to the spirit of Abraham Lincoln?

CONSERVING LABOR.

Nothing could be more hopeful or commendable than the recently awakened interest in the preservation of our natural resources. It is high time this awakening came, and nothing ought to

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be said to discredit it; but it may be pertinent to ask whether we understand what our real resources are, and whether we are not overlooking our most destructive forms of waste. Corresponding to the economist's three factors of production, there are three conspicuous forms of waste—waste labor, waste land, and waste capital. The greatest of these is waste labor, but it is the form of waste which is least understood and appreciated. It is the most important because it is the human factor which is being wasted, and the human factor has always and everywhere been the greatest factor in the production of wealth. Communities have grown rich in poor environments, and poor in rich environments, but no community ever grew rich while lavishly wasting its human energy; and it is doubtful if any community ever remained poor which utilized and conserved its labor-power. The term, of course, includes mental as well as physical energy. That waste labor-power is the form of waste which is least understood and appreciated is shown by the fact that a great many people, perhaps a majority, not only do not deprecate it, but actually think it a good thing. A leisure class to consume the products of the workers is thought by many to be an economic necessity. Of waste labor there are four principal kinds: the unemployed, the improperly employed, the imperfectly employed, and the voluntarily idle. In the elimination of these four forms of waste lie greater opportunities for the constructive economist than in any other direction.

Of these four the least important—from the point of view of the economist—is the unemployed, and yet it is almost the only form which has received any attention. It is the least important because: first, it is normally and on the average the least efficient labor which remains unemployed; second, because the utilization of the labor-power which is now going to waste at the upper end of the social scale will go a long way toward solving the problem of unemployment at the lower end of the scale.

By improperly employed labor is meant that which is engaged in acquiring rather than producing wealth. Enterprises whose sole purpose is to cause two dollars to emerge from the pockets of other men where one had emerged before absorb a considerable fund of energy which ought to be concerned with blades of grass and similar things. It is unnecessary to mention the thief, the counterfeiter, the confidence man, and the blackmailer. Their activities are already regarded as predatory rather than productive, and the law is doing what it can to stop them. From the economic point of view, however, there is no great difference between the counterfeiter and the adulterator of food and drugs, or the manufacturer of shoddy; between the confidence man and the promoter of over-capitalized corporations; or between the blackmailer and a certain type of advertising agent who persuades you to advertise with him, not because it will do you any good, but because it will save you from harm. A really productive enterprise carried on by purely productive methods increases the wealth in the hands not only of those directly interested in it, but also of other people in proportion as it is successful; and the richer a man grows in such an enterprise by such methods, the richer he makes the country. The law-giver who can turn all our labor-power, mental and physical, into such channels will make the country so productive that nothing short of a foreign invasion or a geological catastrophe could prevent us from becoming rich, even if our material resources were as meagre as those of New England.

By imperfectly employed labor is meant that which is employed productively, but less productively than it *might* be. Wherever there is a man doing unskilled work who might, had he received the proper training, be doing skilled work, or doing skilled manual work who might be doing the more highly skilled and more needed work of managing and directing, there is a case of imperfectly employed labor. It is as great a waste of productive energy as it would be to have good garden land used for pasturing long-horned steers. Here, again, is a statesman's opportunity for enriching his nation, by providing the means for economizing to the greatest degree the labor power of the people. Much of it is now going to waste, in the sense that it has to be utilized in ways which are of little value, merely because of its over-supply, while other kinds of work are suffering because of the scarcity of competent men. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so an industry can expand only so far as its scarcest factor will permit. The scarcest factor is managing ability, and any policy, educational or moral, which will increase the supply of managing ability will enable industry to expand and to absorb greater numbers of the unemployed. Incidentally, this would do more than anything else to equalize the distribution of wealth.

The voluntarily idle are of two classes—those who have retired on a well-earned competence, and those who live on wealth which they themselves have never earned. The first class is not very large in America, though it is increasing. The American business man's habit of continuing to work after having accumulated enough to provide for all his possible wants is singularly economical of human energy, provided, of course, that his is a productive or really useful business. The longer he remains active, the greater the fund of productive energy at work in the community and the richer the community will grow. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that no one is idle who is fully occupied with some useful work, even though he be not actually earning his living by it; and that we are here considering only the economic results, and not the benefits which the individual, and through him society, may derive from leisure, travel, and intellectual recreations. With the second class of the voluntary idle we have not until recently been very much troubled, but our own prosperity is creating it, and we need to look to the future. Those who live on inherited wealth, and on wealth accruing from a rise in land values, make up the greater part of this class. Here are other conditions which challenge the constructive statesman. The loss of this kind of labor-power is especially regrettable, because it might often be labor-power of the highest type, which, if set to work, might increase the supply of the scarcest factor in the creation of wealth, both material and immaterial, and which might, therefore, strengthen society precisely where it is now weakest, and contribute most to our national prosperity. If a man of genuine capacity lives in idleness as a result of his fortune, all that capacity goes to waste. The effect of this is much like that of allowing our best land to run to weeds.

While we are devising ways and

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means, therefore, for conserving our material resources, let us not overlook the enormous waste of human energy which is now going on, lest we be guilty of saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

I.

It is no slight thing to have discovered a new companion to Henry Vaughan and Sir Thomas Browne. If there was any doubt of the claims of Bertram Dobell to such an honor when, two years ago, he printed Traherne's "Poetical Works," it must be removed by the present publication of the "Centuries of Meditations."* Mr. Dobell has pieced together all the information —little enough—apparently to be found in regard to his hero's life. Thomas Traherne was born about the year 1636. His family was presumably of Welsh origin, so that we may conjecture a relation of race as well as of temperament with Henry Vaughan of Breconshire and with George Herbert of Montgomery. His father was a shoemaker of Hereford, where the poet was probably born, and where a certain Philip Traherne, a kinsman one supposes, was twice Mayor and lies commended in his epitaph "for his fervent zeal for the Established Church and clergy, and friendly and affectionate behavior in conversation, which rendered him highly valuable to all the royal party." Thomas attended the local grammar school, and thence proceeded to Oxford. Here he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1656; Master of Arts, 1661; Bachelor of Divinity, 1669; and was admitted by the Commissioners for the Approbation of Public Preachers to the Rectory of Credenell, alias Credenhill, Co. Hereford, in 1657.

The only lifelike picture we get of him at college is from the preface to his own "Roman Forgeries":

> One evening, as I came out of the Bodleian Library, which is the glory of Oxford, and this nation, at the stairs-foot I was saluted by a person that has deserved well of scholars and learning, who being an intimate friend of mine, told me there was a gentleman, his cousin, pointing to a grave person, in the quadrangle, a man that had spent many thousand pounds in promoting Popery, and that he had a desire to speak with me. The gentleman came up to us of his own accord: we agreed, for the greater liberty and privacy, to walk abroad into the New Parks. He was a notable man, of an eloquent tongue, and competent reading, bold, forward, talkative enough; he told me. . . .

It is a neat vignette from the religious life of the day, with something about it of that mingled air of zeal and courtesy which Mr. Shorthouse reproduced so magically in "John Inglesant." And it forms a pleasant prelude to the quiet years of study and reflection that Traherne chose for himself after leaving the university. The literature of the seventeenth century is rich in the confessions of those who through all the turbulence of the times, in large part because of that turbulence, remembered, like Falkland, "that Truth in likelihood is where her author God was, in the *still voice*, and not the *loud wind*"; but the age contains no more beautiful expression of that choice, I think, than this Meditation of Thomas Traherne:

> When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees and woods and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of Happiness, and to satiate the burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes and to feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labor. And God was so pleased to accept of that desire that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me without any care at all, my very study of Felicity making me more to prosper than all the care in the whole world. So that through His blessing, I live a free and a kingly life, as if the world were turned again into Eden, or, much more, as it is at this day.

It is the modesty and moral prudence of such passages as this that by comparison take off the relish of the more self-assertive manner of Thoreau and the other moderns who make a profession of the free life in nature. Traherne, it should seem, set down his Meditation at the close of his career while living as a private chaplain with Sir Orlando Bridgman. That "mighty able man," as Pepys calls him, had apparently summoned Traherne to London from Creddenhill when, in 1667, he had been created Lord Keeper of the Seal. Five years later, on being deprived of the seal, he had retired to Teddington, a fair spot on the Thames three miles above Richmond, and taken his chaplain with him. He was, as we gather from contemporary chroniclers, of a precise legal habit and given to balancing and weighing all questions, "a man of great integrity," as Burnet says, "and had very serious impressions of religion in his mind." It is fair to believe that in the woods and hills of Teddington he was a companion of Traherne in his "study of Felicity." They both died in 1674, the servant three months after the master.

II.

Though Traherne is said to have written much, he published little. His "Roman Forgeries," the outcome of his discussion with the Papist at Oxford, appeared in 1673. Just before his death, he had sent a volume of "Christian Ethicks" to the press, but he himself never saw it in print. Twenty-five years afterward an anonymous work, "A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God," was brought out by the Reverend Doctor Hickes, "at the request of a friend of the author's." And at last, Mr. Dobell, from two manuscripts whose history reads like a fairy-tale of letters, gives to the world the "Poetical Works" and "Centuries of Meditations."

Of the two books now so miraculously given to the world, the prose "Meditations" is the more perfect accomplishment, more poetical really than the verse. It consists of four sections of a hundred paragraphs each, with the beginning of a fifth century left incomplete, one conjectures, by the author's death. There is a touch of pleasant mystery about the origin of the work. The manuscript is in a book given him, as we learn from the first Meditation, by a friend. "I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders," he writes. "And since Love made you put it into my hands, I will fill it with those Truths you love without knowing them: with those things which, if it be possible, shall show my Love; to you in communicating most enriching Truths: to Truth in exalting her beauties in such a Soul." There is no clue to the lady's name, who inspired these fragments of truth; nothing known of her save that she was, as Traherne says, in an inscription on the first leaf of the manuscript, "the friend of my best friend." It should appear from certain notices in the fourth century that the work was to be a memorial of one to whom Traherne had looked as to an exemplar of wisdom—"he from whom I received these things," and who "always thought that to be happy in the midst of a generation of vipers was become his duty"—and at the same time a record for the lady of a secret life which that friend could not himself proclaim "because of modesty." She may have belonged to the family named Skipp, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, into whose hands the poet's manuscripts passed from his brother Philip, and who, it seems, kept possession of them down to 1888. Did she play a part in Traherne's life like that of Anne Finch, Lady Conway, to Henry More, who used to go to her place at Ragley and its woods for rest and inspiration?

III.

At least it is no idle thought to bring together the names of our Teddington chaplain and the mystical doctor of Cambridge. They were products of the same Platonizing tendency that sought peace and the beauty of holiness in the

**The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne.* From the original manuscripts. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the Editor. Second edition, 1906.

Centuries of Meditations. By Thomas Traherne. Now first printed from the author's manuscript. Edited by Bertram Dobell. 1908.

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midst of a people who were running after the bitterest fruit of zeal. To both religion was known by the spirit of gladness. Dr. More, we are told by his biographer, declared in his last sickness "that he did *gaudere gaudium Animæ Universi*, he joyed, as it were, the joy of the Soul of the Universe"; and that in a word is the very essence of Traherne's philosophy. He has almost nothing of theology, as it was practised in those days, or of the church. Far from that, Traherne's religion may almost be reduced to the simple belief that by the recollection of his innocent childhood the Christian can recreate about himself the happy childhood of the world. He was not the only man of that age who believed, as Wordsworth was to say later, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." Wordsworth's great ode in fact was probably suggested by the exquisite lines of Vaughan's "Retreat":

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought; . . .
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

The idea to these poets of the renaissance seemed a pure piece of Platonism; it was in reality one of those ambiguous products that spring from the union of Platonism and Christianity, neither quite one nor the other. Plato had taught that we carried with us into the world visions of celestial things, and that learning was a kind of reminiscence, or rediscovery, of what was already ours. But he taught also that this recollection was to be attained by slow search and experience, and he would have been the first to repudiate Wordsworth's child philosopher and Vaughan's "bright shoots of everlastingness." That is Platonism interpreted through the Gospel: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." These doubtful amalgamations were in the air that men breathed, but I do not recall any other who accepted the splendid vision of childhood as seriously as did Traherne or reasoned out his faith upon it so explicitly. His poetry is a variation on the single theme,

The first impressions are Immortal all,

which he repeats with endless gusto. There is more of Blake than of Wordsworth in such a poem as "Wonder," which, as his work is still so little known, may be quoted almost at length:

How like an angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their Glory me did crown!
The world resembled His Eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lively, lovely air;
Oh, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

. . . . . .

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls were mine,
Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
The sons of men were holy ones,
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And every thing which here I found,
While like an angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen;
Rare splendors, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere;
No joy to this!

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendor of mine eyes,
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine
And hedges ornaments,
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn;
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

That is nearer to Blake, perhaps, than anything else you will find in the seventeenth century—yet with a difference. It has not the artful naïveté of the later poet; we are still in the generation of Cowley and the other metaphysical writers who lead on to Dryden, whereas in Blake one seems to feel the stirring under ground of powers that will bring in the new romance. Its rhythm is stiff, with none of that pretty lilt that gives to Blake at his best a music like "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." Indeed, Traherne was never quite a poet. But if he misses the melody of Blake, he also lacks the spirit of revolt that came with the later generation. He would never have admitted with Blake that the moral law belongs to the deadening experience which kills the innocent joy of childhood, or that formal religion is part of "the golden net" which keeps us out of Paradise. And, again, if his "cursed and devised proprieties" (properties) look forward to Rousseau's theory that the fall from innocence occurred when the first man fenced in a bit of land and called it "mine," he is still further from the bitterness of Rousseau than from the petulance of Blake. His wealth is in the power of enjoyment and not in possession; the riches he beholds are "my joys by others worn."

IV.

But to get the full measure of Traherne's force as one of those to whose imagination the gates of childhood have never closed, we must turn to the opening paragraphs of his third Century. It is probable that the "Meditations" were written later than the poems, and that, contrary to the custom of most poets, some of these reflections are really paraphrases of his verse, written over into more numerous prose. Compare, for instance, the stranzas just quoted with their counterpart in the "Meditations":

Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world, than I when I was a child. . . . The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees, when I saw them first, through one of the gates, transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the World was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it. I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds, nor divisions: but all proprieties and divisions were mine: all treasures and the possessors of them. So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world. Which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

That, I am not afraid to say, does in its own romantic kind take a place among the superbest passages of English prose, and, indeed, the whole book of "Meditations" is of an almost ineffable fascination. For those who de-

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sire a companion in their excursions into the country, there is no volume of prose within my knowledge more desirable than this of Traherne's. It will bring enlightenment also to those who have imbibed the odd belief that the real love of nature came in with Rousseau or with the romantic writers of the early nineteenth century. Nor does Traherne, in this trust in the restorative beauty of nature, stand alone. You will find it in the lyrical poems of the age, and in the sermons of men like Jeremy Taylor. It forms the splendid heart of "Paradise Lost," as displayed in the description of Eden. It is the substance also of the finer philosophy of the day, and Henry More was indulging in no mere rhetorical ornament when he brought the persons of his "Divine Dialogues" to an arbor in a pleasant spot amid the beds and alleys of a garden, in the cool of the evening. For it was just the office of the principal speaker to give "such a definition of the Kingdom of God as takes in the Kingdom of Nature also." In all these things Traherne was but a voice of the times, except for the precision and consistency with which he joined the love of nature to the innocence of childhood and found through a return to these the only path of salvation.

V.

We are here close to Rousseau's gospel of the natural man, and, indeed, these English writers are the chief source of that revolutionary creed. Yet, again, the difference is as important as the resemblance. Traherne has, like Rousseau, much to say of the corrupting influence of the world, but he is still far from instituting a sharp dualism between the individual and society. Men are rather divided by responsibility of their own choice into those who have kept or recovered the key to Paradise through a divine love, which is but another name for child-like openness of sight, and those who have lost the key. "There are many glorious excellencies in the material World," he says, "but without Love they are all abortive"; and with a sharper intonation of dualism: "That while others live in a Golgotha or Prison, we should be in Eden, is a very great Mystery." Nature is thus both a blessing and a curse; but this division—and here lies the very gist of the matter—arises from no belief in the loss, irremediable for us, of a divine state by some mythological Fall in the past, or of a perfect natural state by the institution of society, but depends upon the eyes of each man who looks out here and now upon visible phenomena. If a darkness came over the light of nature by man's first sin, yet even to-day, "O Lord," as he exclaims, "Heaven and earth are infinitely more valuable than they were before, being bought with Thy Precious Blood." There is no flaw in the world as it actually lies about us; here as you move in these streets and beneath these trees, as to Adam in Paradise, "the Omnipresence and Eternity of God are your fellows and companions," speaking to you in the splendor of material things, and becoming one with you by an absolute communion of the soul and nature. The perception of these privileges is by your own choice:

> Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's Palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as Celestial Joys: having such a reverent esteem of all, as if you were among Angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.
>
> You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world.

And again:

> It [the world] is a glorious mirror wherein you may see the verity of all religion: enjoy the remainders of Paradise, and talk with the Deity. Apply yourself vigorously to the enjoyment of it, for in it you shall see the face of God, and by enjoying it, be wholly converted to Him.

VI.

The worship and glorification of nature have never gone, can never go, further than this; nor is any one who has read these "Meditations" likely ever to forget them; they will return to him in certain moods to add a zest to his joy; but—alas, for these inevitable questionings—but do they contain quite the whole truth? Is there not, after all, something still wanting, something, perhaps, forgotten? As I read these golden sentences that conjure up the fabric of the world before us, I seem to be watching a child, who, on a strip of beach left bare by the tide, is intent on building a palace of sand for his amusement, rearing arch and dome higher and higher, adorning them with glittering shells and pebbles, lending to it in imagination the spell and inhabitants of fairyland. And all the while, the returning tide rolls inward, stealthily, slowly, and then a longer-reaching wave—and all is sand and shells and pebbles. And so it is with this transfigured world of the poets. We are entranced and lifted up, while the reality is withdrawn. But how is it when the tedium of life rolls in upon us; when the ambition for which we have striven fails and we are taught the deceitfulness of hope, or is achieved and we find to our dismay that we have no more capacity of enjoyment than before; or when a great loss by death or evil alienation darkens our ways—how is it then with this Paradise of the innocent? While reading the "Meditations," there came into my hands the volume containing the "Selected Poems" of Francis Thompson, published about the same time, and I was struck by the application of a few lines of "The Hound of Heaven" to Traherne's nature-cult. That poem, it will be remembered, represents the soul of man as pursued by a spirit which is utterly not of this world. The hearer of the call seeks a refuge from its unrelenting insistence in all the varied interests and ties of life—in family and friendship and love and science, and in the fellowship of nature:

> Across the margent of the world I fled,
> And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
> Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;
> Fretted to dulcet jars
> And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
>
> I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
> With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
> From this tremendous Lover! . . .
> Still with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbed pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> Came on the following Feet,
> And a Voice above their beat—
> "Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

In all this worship of nature, and Traherne belongs to a school whose influence can be traced in a score of varying forms down to the present day—in all this fair symbolism there is a strain of illusion which melts away at the touch of the greater realities, leaving the worshipper naked and bewildered. *Ita magnam in animis cœlesti doctrina carentibus vim habuit natura rerum*, said a wise Pope. Nature is indeed a great and, it may be, a healing power; but its unquestioned domination is still in the heart of those who have missed the celestial doctrine, and there are evils against which its seduction is of no avail.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The members of the Bibliographical Society have just received Vol. IX of the transactions of the society, containing several interesting papers. Alfred W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, and Falconer Madan discuss the subject of bibliographical descriptions, and Mr. Pollard presents a scheme of rules and models which, if they could be adopted, would bring about greater uniformity in catalogues. In an article on "Books and Bookmaking in Early Chronicles and Accounts," the Abbot Gasquet has gathered from scattered sources a series of interesting notes as to the cost of books before the introduction of printing. An indenture dated August 26, 1346, shows that one Robert Brekeling, a scribe, undertook to write a Psalter, with the Calendar, for 5s. 6d., and the Office for the Dead, with a collection of hymns and collects, for an additional 4s. 3d. It is probable that the vellum upon which the writing was done was furnished by the monastery. For the illumination of the capitals an extra 5s. 6d. was paid, over and above 18d., which was allowed for the gold and 2s.

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for the colors. Henry B. Wheatley writes on the signs of booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard, and gives a "provisional list" of 175 "signs," mostly gathered from the imprints of books. A Bibliography of Richard Bentley, compiled by A. T. Bartholomew, with an introduction by J. W. Clark, although not printed for the society, has been distributed to the members. It is a volume of 125 pages, with three portraits and a facsimile letter. In an appendix is reprinted Bentley's "Proposal for Building a Royal Library" (1697) of which the only known copy is in the British Museum.

Part iv of the Henry W. Poor library will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city on February 23, 24, and 25. This section is made up largely of books of special or private presses. There are seventeen lots from the Kelmscott Press, including one ("The Tale of the Emperor Coustans") on vellum, of which twenty copies only were printed; twenty-six lots from the Vale Press; thirty-eight from the Daniel Press, including some of the scarcer items; a nearly complete set of the Humphreys' Press publications; publications of the Bibliophile Society; a large number of Mosher's books, several on vellum; and some of William Loring Andrews's issues, including "Among My Books," of which fifty copies only were printed. Among first editions of English authors the most notable is a series of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, including "The Pentland Rising" (1866), his first book; the rare *Edinburgh University Magazine* (1871), four numbers, all issued; and the original Sydney edition of "Father Damien" (1890). Among other English authors are first editions of Swinburne, Charles Lever, Andrew Lang, Tennyson, and Oscar Wilde. There is a complete set of Thoreau, and a long series of first editions of Whittier, including "Mogg Megone" (1836) and "Moll Pitcher and the Minstrel Girl" (1840); and minor books of Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and Lowell. Several of Surtees's books with illustrations by "Phiz" and Leech are listed, among them the first edition of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" (1838). The most interesting of the older books is Walton's "Angler," second edition (1655), with manuscript notes in Walton's autograph on four of the fly leaves. As with the other parts of the library, there are many volumes in specimen bindings by the Club Bindery, Bradstreet's, and others.

On February 23, 24, 25, and 26, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer a collection, largely Americana, including books on the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and local histories.

On February 25 and 26, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the autograph collection of the late Edward Abbott, with which is incorporated the correspondence of the Rev. William B. Sprague, one of the earliest of American autograph collectors. Among the more interesting items are several letters and manuscripts of Thoreau and letters to him from William Ellery Channing, Horace Greeley, and others. Manuscripts of Richard, Increase, and Cotton Mather, an A.L.S. of John Brown to his son, documents signed by several of the Presidents and signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a number of deeds and other documents relating to slavery are included.

Correspondence.

"WIT, WHITHER WILT?" AND OTHER SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of the most perplexing of the minor problems of Shakespearean interpretation are those that have to do with popular sayings, quotations from old songs or ballads, allusions to familiar stories, jokes or quibbles, and the like. One of these is "Wit, whither wilt?" in "As You Like It" (iv, 1, 168), also referred to by Rosalind in the same play (i, 2, 59), when Touchstone enters. Its frequent occurrence in the literature of the time shows that it had become proverbial, but its origin and precise meaning have been a standing puzzle for editors and critics. Professor Dowden, however, has solved the enigma. In a letter received from him, a fortnight ago, he says:

> As the least little crumb of Shakespeare knowledge will be cared for by you, I may say that I think I can throw some light on "Wit, whither wilt?" Malone, you will remember, believed the words to belong to some song or madrigal. So it is. In that eloquent Puritan Thomas Adams's sermon, published in the same year with the same title as Webster's play (at least, published in 1612—my copy is 1613, second edition), "The White Devill," p. 39, he writes: "Many a Pope sings that common ballad of hell:
>
> Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me,
> My wit hath wrought my misery."

These rhymed lines suit the drift of Orlando's speech in "As You Like It," iv, 1, perfectly, I think.

Dowden had apparently forgotten, as I am sure I had, a quotation in Steevens's note ("Variorum" of 1821, vi, 472) from the preface to Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" (ed. 1621):

> Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me,
> Thou hast brought me to this miserie.

Steevens evidently assumed that the lines (except the "Wit, whither wilt?") were Greene's, or he would have seen that they were from a song or ballad; and the problem would have been solved nearly a century ago. He merely remarked that the question was "an exclamation much in use when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him." He cites examples of it from Dekker and Heywood, refers to others in Taylor the Water-Poet, and adds that the expression "seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance." Johnson thought it "must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable." Malone says: "If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal." Dr. Furness thinks they were probably from a ballad, and I have expressed the same opinion in my revised edition of the play.

Of jokes or plays upon words that have posed all the critics, in spite of the amusing "tricks of desperation" by which they have endeavored to explain them, many examples might be given, but one or two must suffice here. In "The Tempest" (ii, 1, 65), when Gonzalo refers to the fact that the garments of the shipwrecked company, after being "drenched in the sea," nevertheless seem "rather new-dyed than stained with salt water," Antonio replies: "If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?" None of the early editors attempt to explain this; but a recent critic thinks that the opening of the pocket looked like a mouth; and another says that "the pocket would be so full of mud that it would give the lie" to Gonzalo's assertion. Furness quotes these suggestions, but accepts neither of them. He might have reminded the author of the second one, that the magic which had made the garments as good as new would not have left mud in the pockets, if indeed any would have been there. The Clown's remark in "Twelfth Night" (iii, 1, 25) that "words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them," gets half a page of comment from six or seven critics in Furness's edition; but he adds that "none of them affords me [him] a ray of light." He suggests an explanation of his own which he "fears is quite as far-fetched as any of the others." It certainly is, and I will not be so unkind as to quote it.

The old story alluded to in "Hamlet" (iii, 4, 191) of the ape that unpegged the basket on the housetop and "let the birds fly" has eluded all critical research; like that in "Pericles" (iii, 2, 84) of the Egyptian who "had nine hours lien dead" (apparently), but was "by good appliance recovered"; and many another that was doubtless familiar to the theatre-goers of Shakespeare's day, but is now hopelessly lost.

The eighteenth-century editors were sometimes puzzled by allusions in the plays to old customs that had changed and been generally forgotten. In "King John" (iv, 2, 198) they were mystified by the reference to the tailor:

> Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

A full page is devoted to the passage in the "Variorum" of 1821. Good old Doctor Johnson remarks:

> Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

Farmer suggests that "ancient slippers might possibly be very different from modern ones"; and Steevens, Tollet, and Malone quote from writers between 1580 and 1797 to prove that shoes in former times were often "rights and lefts." The fashion was revived in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, but shoes of the other style were made, at least for boys, seventy years ago, because (as I remember that I was told) they were supposed to wear better than "rights and lefts."

Some ancient customs have bothered the commentators down to our own day; like that alluded to in the "Merchant of Venice" (iv., 1, 129), where Gratiano tells Shylock that his "currish spirit" must originally have

> Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
> Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
> And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
> Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
> Are wolvish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

When I first edited the play (1870) I felt sure that I had somewhere met with a reference to old-time trial and execution of beasts for killing human beings; but as I could not then trace it I hesitated to mention it in my notes. The only comment upon it in the editions of Shakespeare that I

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could find was an absurdly irrelevant one by Steevens in the "Variorum" of 1821, which Furness ridicules in his edition of 1888. It was the only one he had discovered, and he adds no explanation of his own. He suggests that the passage may possibly be "one of those actor's additions which Hamlet denounces," and that "this would measurably account for its grammatical awkwardness." He adds that "the whole passage, from 'Thy currish spirit,' to 'Infus'd itself in thee,' can be omitted without injury either to the sense or the rhythm." This is true; and I might be inclined to agree with him as to the possible spuriousness of the passage, if the "confusion of construction" were markedly worse than many examples cited by Abbott ("Grammar," § 409-417), or if I had not, before re-editing the play, in 1903, found abundant evidence of animals "hang'd for human slaughter." Many cases of such judicial proceedings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are mentioned by Baring-Gould, in his "Curiosities of Olden Times" (1896). In 1386, for instance, a sow was hanged at Falaise for killing a child. In 1389 a horse was tried and condemned for killing a man; and in 1499 a bull was similarly sentenced for causing the death of a boy. The trials were conducted with all the formalities, either before the ordinary or the ecclesiastical courts; and in some cases appeals were made to a higher court, and decided in due form. It is said that during the witch persecutions in Salem dogs were hanged for supposed complicity with persons accused. The Jewish law (Exodus, xxi, 28) concerning an ox that had gored a man, may have been cited as a precedent. I must have learned some of these facts—I do not yet know from what source—before 1870.

By the way, in the passage in the "Merchant" the folios read "sterv'd"; and Furness (he cites my note of 1870 on the origin of this old form) asks how Pope pronounced "starve" in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot":

> But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve.
> He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

He pronounced it as we do, but he pronounced "reserve" as "resarve"; just as he did in the rhyme with "observe" in "Epistle III." So elsewhere he pronounced "desert," rhyming with "heart," "convert" with "art"; and there are not a few similar rhymes in Shakespeare's Sonnets and other poems.

Apropos of puzzles in Shakespeare, there is one that has perplexed me for thirty years or more. Can any reader of the *Nation* throw any light upon it? The dramatist has two allusions to *schoolgirls*. One is in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (iii, 2, 202), where Helena says to Hermia:

> Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd
> The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us—O, is all forgot?
> All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
> We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needles created both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
> As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate.

The other is in "Measure for Measure" (i, 4, 47):

> *Lucio*—Is she your cousin?
> *Isabella*—Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
> By vain though apt affection.

That girls of royal or noble rank were often highly educated under private tutors we all know, but what *schools* in which girls were taught together existed in that day? I have been unable to find any mention of such in any historical or other book on education, and no scholar or critic to whom I have put the question could answer it. All that Dr. Furnivall, who ought to know if anybody on earth does, could say was that "legally girls could attend the grammar schools" of that day; but I can find no evidence that they ever did, and all the probabilities are decidedly against it. No editor, commentator, or critic, so far as I can find, has anything to say about either passage; and nobody that I have consulted assumes that private tutors rather than schools are meant. To my thinking, there can be no reasonable doubt on that point. If there are similar allusions to schoolgirls in other writers of the time, I do not recall them. Can any of your readers cite any such?

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., February 4.

A POINT IN SIDNEY'S VERSIFICATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reading the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody," I rubbed my eyes at finding (in a foot-note to page 149) this statement concerning the first sonnet of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella":

> It is most noteworthy that the famous final line——
>
> "Fool!" said my Muse, "look in thy heart and write,"
>
> discards the lumbering top-hamper [twelve syllables] of the other thirteen, as if the Muse had applied the uncomplimentary epithet to them also.

Surely, said I, there is no such famous final line as that. Turning, however, to the reprint of the sequence in Arber's "English Garner," I found the same ten-syllable conclusion. In Grosart's edition of Sidney, on the other hand, I soon discovered the complete line,

> "Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write!"

This is the form of the text in the "Arcadia" edition of 1598; and evidently also that of all the quartos of 1591 (these are not now accessible to me, but there is no hint of a variant reading either in Grosart's edition or the far more accurate one of Dr. Flügel). It would seem, then, that the decasyllabic form of the line is a mere error of Arber's transcript, which Professor Saintsbury has not only perpetuated, but made the basis of a critical dictum—a dictum very doubtful, even if the text were itself doubtful, since an Alexandrine sonnet ending with a shortened line would seem more like the result of accident than intention.

The mistaken text is repeated, unfortunately, in the new edition of the sonnets of the "Garner"—Sidney Lee's "Elizabethan Sonnets"—perhaps printed from the old plates; but the correct form appears in Ward's "English Poets" and in all other anthologies where I have found it. Finally I note that the erroneous form was quoted in Mr. Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature," where it led him (page 101) to describe the sonnet as "oddly compounded" of "thirteen Alexandrines and a final heroic." An error made so conspicuously, and so long ago, has very possibly been noted in print before this; but since it has reappeared in the new volume, and since the line in question is so deservedly famous, the matter evidently needs attention still.

Raymond M. Alden.

Stanford University, Cal., January 30.

AN ANCIENT VIEW OF DESTRUCTIVE NATURAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial in the *Nation* of February 4, "Earthquakes Then and Now," suggests the appropriateness of a reference to the discussions prevalent among Greek and Roman writers as to the question whether lightning was Jove's bolt of wrath or merely a natural force. Epicureans, Academicians, and perhaps also Cynics, with arguments probably derived from Pericles's friend Anaxagoras, were united in their attacks upon the Stoics, who defended the popular religious belief. Out of this controversy emerged a view with a decidedly modern ring. In Seneca's "Naturales Quæstiones," ii, 46, we read: "At quare Juppiter aut ferienda transit aut innoxia ferit?" To which the answer is given:

> Sic omnia esse disposita, ut etiam quæ ab illo non fiunt, tamen sine ratione non fiant, quæ illius est. Nam etiamsi Juppiter illa non facit nunc, Jupiter fecit ut fierent. Singulis non adest, et tamen vim et causam et manum omnibus dedit.

Herman L. Ebeling.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., February 8.

PAPERS RELATING TO LEIBNITZ—AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Several years ago the International Association of Academies commissioned the Academies of Paris and Berlin to prepare a complete edition of the works of that "mathematician, philosopher, and universal genius, Leibnitz." At that time the academies issued an appeal to the possessors or administrators of the public and private archives, libraries, and collections of Europe, with the request that they would search out and calendar and describe all the material in their hands which might prove to be of value for the projected edition. It either did not then occur to the scholars concerned that there might well be hidden in the public and private collections of the United States a very considerable amount of such material; or else they assumed that there was none.

During a long experience as secretary of the American Oriental Society, I had abundant opportunity to learn that the number of scattered Oriental manuscripts in the United States was so large as to be well worth cataloguing, and this wholly apart from the very important collection of Arabic manuscripts at Yale, and of Sanskrit and Prakrit manuscripts at Harvard. Considering all this, and also the American habit of travel, and the readiness and ability of Americans abroad to buy things of historic interest, it is much more than probable that well-directed inquiries among American collectors and librarians would not be unfruitful, if duly made on behalf of the Leibnitz project.

Several days ago there came to me a let-

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ter, from the secretary of the Royal Prussian Academy, Prof. Hermann Diels, requesting that inquiries of the kind just indicated might be set afoot by me. In his name, accordingly, and on behalf of the academies concerned, I beg that you will give due publicity to this letter, which recites their wishes. The appended list specifies the things that will be useful. Information concerning their existence and whereabouts is what is in the first instance asked for, and such information may be sent to me, or, if the sender prefers, to the secretary of the Academy, Professor Diels, No. 120 Potsdamerstrasse, Berlin, W. 35.

CHARLES R. LANMAN.

Harvard University, February 5.

LIST OF PAPERS AND PRINTS RELATING TO LEIBNITZ.

(1.) Manuscript works (essays, memoranda of any kind) which are known or supposed to be from the hand of Leibnitz. Manuscript letters known or supposed to be from or to Leibnitz. Manuscript works or letters by or to or from persons who stood in personal relations with Leibnitz.

(2.) Collections of manuscripts of the period 1664-1716, not yet properly examined or calendared, among which there might well be pieces falling under head 1.

(3.) Printed books in which are found manuscript notes or dedications or the like from the hand of Leibnitz.

(4.) Other printed matter of the period 1664-1716, whether (a) works of which Leibnitz is the known or supposed author, or (b) letters of which Leibnitz is the known or supposed sender or receiver (such as those "De la Tolérance des religions" or the like).

(5.) Broadsides or pamphlets of the period 1664-1716.

HETCH HETCHY VALLEY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Edmund A. Whitman of Cambridge, Mass., in your issue of February 4, in answer to mine relating to the use of Hetch Hetchy Valley as a storage reservoir to supply the cities about the Bay of San Francisco with water, is so misleading that I beg space to reply.

(1.) There is no sufficient available water for the uses, in the immediate future, of the people about the Bay of San Francisco nearer than the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This is a fact and not disputed, so far as I know, by any disinterested person who has knowledge of the local situation. The answer by parties interested in the local supply, and taken up by people who do not know the actual situation, is that a supply of 100,000,000 gallons per day can be developed locally, mostly from Alameda Creek, in Alameda County. This is an extravagant estimate, though it is possible to obtain a much larger supply than the 16,000,000 gallons per day that are now and for many years have been diverted to San Francisco from Alameda Creek. But if an attempt is made to withdraw more than 16,000,000 gallons per day from Alameda Creek the courts, at the suit of landowners in the Livermore, Pleasanton, Sunol, and Niles valleys, will certainly enjoin the diversion. That question has already been decided in exactly similar cases in our courts. The reason the owners of these exceedingly valuable lands in the valleys named will resort to injunction suits is that their lands are sub-irrigated by means of Alameda Creek and its tributaries through strata of gravel and sand. Large towns and prosperous communities are situate on these lands. Either to store the flood waters in reservoirs or to pump from the gravel beds, as the local water company has begun to do, will be of such injury to large communities and great orchard interests that the courts will, as has been done in similar cases in the Santa Clara Valley and San Bernardino, enjoin the diversion. If the courts shall fail to follow precedent, then the question of public policy would come in—shall these great communities be permanently injured in order to get water for the cities about the bay when there are other sources from which water may be obtained?

(2.) The large and growing cities of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and Richmond on the east side of the bay, are acting in concert with San Francisco in this matter. The same main pipe line can supply all. These east shore cities are really in greater need of the Sierra supply than San Francisco. It is safe to say that a succession of dry years, such as are not uncommon in this climate, will bring on a water famine for all the bay cities.

(3.) All competent authorities conversant with the subject being agreed that the Sierra Nevada Mountains must ere long furnish the greater part of water for the bay cities, to what part of the Sierras shall those cities go? The nearest and most abundant supply is furnished by the Tuolumne River. Enough water comes from that watershed to meet the wants of all the bay cities, and also of all the landowners whose lands can be irrigated from it. The waters of all other streams flowing from the Sierras are already monopolized for power, or for mining, or for irrigating, and are actually needed for the irrigation of the lands that have the first claim upon them in order to build up prosperous communities thereon. To condemn the water rights on these streams will necessitate an outlay absolutely prohibitive. It is simply an impossibility. Nor should the water be taken from the landowners. It is to the interest of all that those lands should be made as productive as possible.

(4.) Before Hetch Hetchy Valley can be utilized as a reservoir, San Francisco is bound by its agreement with the Roosevelt administration to utilize the waters of Lake Eleanor. The outlet of Lake Eleanor flows into the Tuolumne River below Hetch Hetchy. This lake and our local sources of supply will be sufficient for the bay cities for many years to come, but ultimately Hetch Hetchy must be used to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number of people—that is to say, as an artificial lake to store water for the bay cities.

(5.) The United States many years ago parted with its title to all of the land on which are the meadows of Hetch Hetchy Valley. These are at the lower end of the valley. San Francisco has purchased those lands, and now has them in private ownership, and can do what she likes with them. What she asks is that the United States give her the right to overflow the lands still owned by the government in the upper end of the valley. In exchange for this she will convey an equal amount of land also owned by her in other portions of the park; she will also make roads to the valley and around the lake that will be created.

(6.) I know the feeling is very strong and controlling in San Francisco that the property of the local water company must be purchased, whenever it can be done at a price not excessively above what it is actually worth. But we do not wish to be placed in a position where the local company can say: "You cannot get water elsewhere, therefore you must pay the price asked." Mr. Whitman and his friends would put us in that position. They would have the United States say to us: "You shall not have the water from the Tuolumne River now going to waste, for we will not permit you to impound it, even on your own land, because in doing so you will necessarily flood land belonging to the United States, land that will be visited and camped on by perhaps as many as two hundred nature lovers every year." But it is said the city may resort to condemnation. Theoretically, yes, but practically, no. Besides, the court would instruct the jury to take into consideration lack of any other supply in fixing value of the supply to be condemned.

I beg your readers to consider the foregoing facts when discussing the question whether or not the government should permit San Francisco to flood the floor of Hetch Hetchy Valley. Under all the circumstances, is this request of San Francisco, acting for herself and the other bay cities, unreasonable? She is desirous of providing water for a great population from the only available and practicable source of supply. I submit to all candid and fair-minded men that to characterize her efforts as "an attempt to secure a license to steal," and as an indication of hysteria, is without justification. There have been plenty of exhibitions of hysteria in this matter, but not by the friends of San Francisco and the other bay cities. WARREN OLNEY.

San Francisco, February 10.

Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce for immediate publication Dante's "Inferno," edited, with notes, by Prof. C. H. Grandgent of Harvard. It is designed for the general reader as well as for college students.

Charles Scribner's Sons have about ready for publication a volume of essays, "Egoists," by James Huneker; a book on Siena, by Prof. Ferdinand Scheville of the University of Chicago, and a translation of Rudolph Eucken's "Poblems of Human Life."

In March Duffield & Co., in publishing a volume of stories by Helen Mackay, will make the experiment of issuing a new book in paper covers and quite in the common French form.

Robert Bridges has edited a selection of the "Poems by the Late Rev. Dr. Richard Watson Dixon," which is published by Smith & Elder of London. From the same firm is coming the Rev. W. Tuckwell's "Pre-Tractarian Oxford: A Reminiscence of the Oriel Noetics," which contains sketches of Provost Eveleigh, Copleston, Whately, Dr. Arnold, Hampden, and others of that group.

To Routledge's series of Golden Anthologies (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the latest addition is "The Hundred Best Hymns in the English Language," selected and arranged by the Rev. John Cullen, vicar of Radcliffe-on-Trent. The editor tells us that there are about three hundred good Eng-

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lish hymns. From these he has chosen not merely the stipulated hundred, but thirty-three more for an appendix. These he has arranged "according to the Christian seasons and other occasions, for the convenience of those who may wish to use the book in family or social worship." That a majority of the hymns are wisely selected there can be no doubt; but Dr. Cullen has a decided leaning toward the sweetly sentimental, which the compilers of "The Oxford Hymn Book," as we noted in our issue of last week, so successfully avoided. His "foreword" closes with this sentence:

> May these hymns prove a consolation and comfort to all who read or sing them, and may we all at last sing in the holy choir of heaven.

After this we are not surprised to find E. Codner's "Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing," with the refrain "Even me"; C. Elliott's "Just as I Am, without One Plea"; P. P. Bliss's "Sowing the Seed," and Miss F. J. Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Kipling's "Recessional" also appears.

Most devout Arnoldians would probably say, if asked for suggestions with reference to a volume of select poems from Arnold, "Omit 'Merope,' and include all the rest." Prof. Edward Everett Hale, in his "Select Poems of Arnold," in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.), has not followed this simple principle, but a subtler one, of his own devising. He has chosen his specimens to illustrate five different divisions of Arnold's poetical work, as follows: "Poems of the Personal Life," "Poems of Nature and Thought," "Poems Chiefly of Thought," "Elegiac Poems," "Narrative and Dramatic Poems." In making the first three divisions, he has done exactly what Arnold himself found fault with Wordsworth for doing. Wordsworth classified his works as "poems of the fancy, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on." These categories, said Arnold, are "ingenious, but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory." If unsatisfactory when the poet does his own grouping, it is much more so when done by an outsider. In the first place, the five classes noted above are obviously not mutually exclusive. On closer inspection, the dividing lines of the first three seem in many cases absolutely without meaning. For example, by what scheme of "mental physiology" can the "New Sirens" be included among the poems of the "personal life," while "Resignation" and "Dover Beach" are excluded? The fact is, "poems of the personal life" is a misnomer. What Professor Hale meant, or should have meant, was poems connected with an early love affair, real or imaginary, of an unhappy termination. We should not insist upon this confusion, if the entire point of the introductory essay did not depend upon it. At the close of his discussion, attempting to define the particular power of Arnold, the editor says, "He is not great as a poet of the personal life, in spite of the charm of some of the poems of 'Faded Leaves' and 'Switzerland.'" There, again, he should mean simply that Arnold was not a great singer of the love of man for woman. But the personal life of a man like Arnold includes other passions than love, and it is the poignant individual note with which Arnold voices these other passions—baffled passions for creative power, for religious faith, for inner peace—that is drawing the younger generation of readers away from the "Ring and the Book" and the "Idylls of the King" to "Empedocles" and a "Summer Night." Arnold's lyrical poems are the record of a soul out of joint with the age, and they are scarcely less personal than the diary of Marcus Aurelius or the journal of Amiel. Nor can we concur with Professor Hale when he says:

> We certainly do not find in the subject, at least, of the narrative poems, anything that particularly reminds us of the view of life that has been seen in the lyric poems.

The blind slaying of the son by the father in "Sohrab and Rustum," to mention only one of many instances, is a manifest exemplification of the "view of life" expressed in these lines from "Dover Beach":

> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

In the narrative and lyrical poems alike the plangent iteration of desires infinite and hopes impossible, subdued by stoical discipline and solaced by a certain loveliness in the natural world—this largely constitutes the power of Arnold.

The Lincoln centenary inevitably bears books on its flood. Among them are reprints of two long poems: "A Man of Destiny" (Lincoln Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.), by Ernest Linwood Staples; and "Abraham Lincoln, a Poem" (Putnams), by Lyman Whitney Allen. The first is in blank and very flat verse; the second is a series of lyrics, with higher flights but deeper falls. More ambitious, but scarcely more successful, is "The Burden Bearer: An Epic of Lincoln," by F. H. Williams (George W. Jacobs & Co.). In spite of a long succession of failure, it would be rash to assert that the civil war and Abraham Lincoln are unsusceptible of heroic treatment. From the unpoetic accidents, no doubt the fundamental heroism of the man and his age will be finally disengaged. Perhaps his legend is already forming in certain hardy imaginations. In the meanwhile, it is just the unpoetic elements that the popular fancy has seized upon and delights in, as characteristic—the homely, the racy, even the grotesque. And it is the peculiarity of Mr. Williams's poem to identify him with the circumstantial even more closely—to fuse and confound the two indistinguishably. It is in large part a political epic. Its author has felt himself impelled to trace not only the military, but the political, history of the period. In this way his poem resembles now a rhymed—or at least a metrical—gazette, and anon a rhymed or metrical newspaper. Something of the same criticism must fall to Percy Mackaye's "Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln" (The Macmillan Co.), though his task was as much easier as it was shorter.

> Who shall distil in song those epic years?
> Only the sibyl of simplicity—

writes Mr. Mackaye, and, despite the stirring swing of the lines here and there, it must be said that as a whole he has not succeeded in fusing the humbler details of Lincoln's life with the elevation of his general theme.

Turning from verse to prose, we find two little volumes that deal with the religious side: "Lincoln's Use of the Bible" (Eaton & Mains), by S. Trevena Jackson; and "Abraham Lincoln's Religion" (Boston: Badger), by Madison C. Peters. Stripped of homiletic embroidery, the facts appear to be that Lincoln was a free-thinker, in the stress of the nation's agony a devout theist, but never an orthodox or even professing Christian. His untimely taking off is the theme of two books, "The Death of Lincoln" (Doubelday, Page & Co.), by Clara E. Laughlin; and "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln" (The Macmillan Co.), by David Miller Dewitt. Both follow official documents, and the records of court trials, though not always agreeing as to what is the weight of evidence. Of more general interest is "Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from His Associates" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), with an introduction by William Hayes Ward. These collected reminiscences appeared in the *Independent* in 1895, and are well worth preserving in book form. A companion to this is "Lincoln's Birthday," edited by R. H. Schauffler (Moffat, Yard & Co.), which gives a selection of the more notable essays and poems on the man, with extracts from his own speeches. Of all these occasional books the most interesting is the Life in the Beacon Biographies, by Brand Whitlock (Small, Maynard & Co.), which, despite one or two lapses in grammar and an occasional straining at heroics, tells the story of Lincoln's career concisely and entertainingly.

When the Professor of Things in General comes to his chair, he will find the Columbia University Press ready with a textbook. "Lectures on Science, Philosophy, and Art" contains twenty-one discourses, by as many specialists, who endeavor to describe in non-technical language "the achievements and the present status of these subjects as concepts of human knowledge." With but one or two exceptions, lucidity, directness, and calm impartiality mark the accomplishment of this difficult task. The contributors have wrecked the academic tradition which, as Prof. C. J. Keyser puts it, in the opening lecture, regards special subjects as "so intricate, mysterious, and high that in all their sublimer parts they are absolutely inaccessible to the profane man." Even more admirable than clarity, however, is the humility, most noticeable where least expected—in the lectures on physics, biology, anthropology, and economics. The physicist calls his electron theory a "confession of faith." The biologist is positive that the whole truth about organic evolution can never be known; his explanation of no ultimate problem of life, he says, will ever be complete. The anthropologist's science "is only beginning to find its own bearings"—let alone reaching its last conclusions. And the economist admits, but without regret, that his clan still talks about what it doesn't know. Following are the topics covered and the lecturers; Mathematics, C. J. Keyser; Physics, E. F. Nichols; Astronomy, Harold Jacoby; Geology, J. F. Kemp; Biology, E. B. Wilson; Physiology, F. S. Lee; Botany, H. M. Richards; Zoölogy, H. E. Crampton; Anthropology, Franz Boas; Archæology, J. R. Wheeler; History, J. H. Robinson; Economics, H. R. Seager; Politics, C. A. Beard; Jurisprudence, Munroe Smith; Sociology, F. H. Giddings; Philosophy, President N. M. Butler; Psychology, R. S. Woodworth; Metaphysics, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge; Ethics, John Dewey; Philology, A. V. W. Jackson; Literature, H. T. Peck.

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There is little of special salience in J. Comyns Carr's chapters on "Some Eminent Victorians" (Scribners); they run on from character to character, taking in poets and painters and statesmen, showing them for the most part in the usual light, but always clearly and agreeably. Here and there a more pungent anecdote or bit of characterization makes a ripple in the current. Rossetti was one of his early friends, and here, as in all the memoirs of the age, we feel the mysterious power of the man's personality. One emphatic dictum of his, Mr. Carr quotes: "A picture is a painted poem, and those who deny it have simply no poetry in their nature." Not less quotable is Mr. Carr's own saying, which Rossetti called the finest criticism ever made on Landor: "It seems to me through all his poetry that his genius is impersonal without being dramatic." Tennyson also impressed the writer with a force like Rossetti's, although nothing new is brought out about him, save his facial resemblance to Dickens—a resemblance confirmed by the portraits in the present volume. The oratory of Bright and Gladstone is compared to the detriment of the latter, and among the other statesmen the strength and charlatanry of Disraeli are noted with clever precision. "He looked out upon the present," says Mr. Carr of the Tory leader, "as though from the recesses of a buried past, and of all the representatives of his nation whom I have known, he appeared to me the only one who possessed in any preëminent degree the quality of self-possession in manner and bearing." The most astonishing anecdote is the story of Lord Randolph Churchill hearing Irving in "Hamlet," and, as he was obliged to leave early, going back to the actor to inquire how the play ended. On next meeting Irving he reported that he had read "Hamlet" and several other plays by Shakespeare—"and do you know, Mr. Irving," he said, "I find them enormously interesting." Mr. Carr tells something also of his own life, and the pages on his life as a newspaper man in the old Bohemian days are the most entertaining in the book.

The latest of the publications of the Folk-lore Society (London: David Nutt) is a more than usually interesting monograph, "The Grateful Dead," by Prof. G. H. Gerould of Princeton. This story, which starts with the ransom by the hero of an unburied corpse, Professor Gerould believes to be based on primitive beliefs as to the duty of interment, and to have arisen in the region of western Asia, inhabited by Semites at some period prior to the composition of the Book of Tobit (76-135 A. D.?), which contains the motive in a compound form. From its original home the story appears to have spread to other parts of Asia, and over the whole of Europe; for variants of it in conjunction with other well-known themes are found in lands as far apart as Siberia and Brittany, as Spain and Armenia. The most important of these are compounded with "The Poison Maiden" with a Lamia for heroine; "The Ransomed Woman"; or certain types connected with "The Water of Life." The combination with "The Poison Maiden" (*e. g.* the story of Tobit) was probably the earliest and was Asiatic in origin; that with "The Ransomed Woman," on the other hand, though seemingly Asiatic in character, is found only in Europe, so that its provenance is as yet uncertain. It is perhaps needless to add that these simple compounds do not exhaust the tale. Each when formed developed on its own lines, absorbing traits or often entire themes from other sources. These complicated types are discussed at length, and the mode of their amalgamation made clear.

Vol. II of the third edition of Sir William Anson's "The Law and Custom of the Constitution" (Henry Frowde) continues the analysis of the powers of the Crown, with their working out in colonial government, conduct of foreign relations, the collection of revenue, the control of army and navy, establishment of religion and erection of the courts. The author pursues his well-known method of minute logical division, with rigorous citation of authority. All the recent statutory changes and leanings of practice are duly noted. The result is the accumulation of a vast amount of rather desiccated knowledge. Sir William refers in his introduction to the publication of Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell's book, "Government of England," to which he, like other English writers, gives high praise. The Briton, like the American, makes the chief cause of the success of English administration to be the extraordinary way in which a highly skilled and permanent civil service is put at the disposal of those who direct public policy. Party government, observes Sir William, is necessarily to a great extent "government by amateurs." It can be made compatible with efficient government only by the best possible civil service.

"The Mystery of Golf" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), by Arnold Haultain, recalls *Punch's* jest about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—"how it sells." The enemies of the game would say that its mystery lies in the necessity of having so much talk and so many books about golf. This venture of Mr. Haultain's, however, does justify itself. We refer not to the fine paper and printing of his little book, nor its brave assumption of antique speech in red-ink marginal notes, nor to the philosophizings more old than new which he draws out of his treasure-house; but to the novel and convincing pages which he devotes to the psycho-physiology of golf. It differs from most other games in eliminating reflex action. Nothing flies at you to provoke the instinctive reflex: only that passive little ball lies there waiting your initiative. Hence the need of summoning all your greatness of soul to secure that the stroke be perfect.

"Camp Fires on Desert and Lava" is the tempting title of a volume by William T. Hornaday (Charles Scribner's Sons), which takes the reader to an unexplored part of the Sonoran desert, between Tucson and the Gulf of California, known as the Pinacate region. Concerning this region the author and his three companions—a zoologist, a sportsman, and a geographer—could not even get enough information, written or oral, to tell them it was a lava country, although, when they got there, they concluded there must be nearly five hundred extinct volcanoes seen around Pinacate. "Doré would have revelled in this scowling, contorted, wholly blasted spot"; and here, amid unearthly and nether-world surroundings, the party hunted mountain sheep, which were quite abundant, although it seemed strange that these animals should have strayed from the Rockies to a region where the heat registers in summer 130 degrees in the shade. As a matter of course, this expedition was not undertaken in summer, but in November, a month when Arizona and northwestern Mexico are a paradise, except for the facts that water is sometimes hard to procure and the temperature towards morning gets so low that one wants two blankets. The party started from Tucson, queen city of cactus-land, and, after visiting the Desert Botanical Laboratory, established by the Carnegie Institution, plunged into the wilderness, which proved to be, not a sandy waste, but a region green with its own peculiar but economically valueless desert flora, which is destined ere long to be replaced by a useful vegetation that can thrive without water. It is to be feared that this vegetation will be infinitely less picturesque than the endless varieties of cacti, which Mr. Hornaday describes with the ardor of an enthusiast. To him the whole desert is an oasis. His volume is superbly illustrated, some of the pictures being in colors. There is considerable scientific information about the flora and fauna, but the work is chiefly interesting as a volume of travel and adventure.

Prof. Adolfo Posada, of the University of Oviedo, a prominent Spanish publicist in the field of the social sciences, has completed the introductory volume ("Introducción") to his projected "Principios de Sociologia." The book is one of that class which lays stress upon conceptions and methods, and affords a wide perspective of the literature, chiefly recent, of sociology. In following this modern sociology, it is noteworthy that Posada derives his points of view mainly from treatises by Americans—above all, perhaps, from Profs. Lester F. Ward of Brown and Albion W. Small of Chicago. It is clear enough from any serious work of this order that the science of sociology is still in the trial-stage; indeed, it sometimes seems as if the later sociological writers had deserted the line of development to which the works of Spencer lent something better than respectability, and are now applying the term sociology to a much more shaky and non-scientific mass of ideas and projects. Nothing was clearer, for example, in the last meetings of the American Sociological Society at Atlantic City than that, with the exception of Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale and a few others, the bulk of sociologists—where they do no worse—are running out into a species of "practicality" and are even indulging in rash forecasts of the future; a number of the papers discussed what was likely to happen to the family, and so on. And now the collection of excerpts and condensed views put together by Professor Posada betrays something of the same general tendency in the literature he covers. There is much whittling of fine points, more or less speculative and metaphysical, and there is not a little about methodology; but there is in the survey a conspicuous absence of works based upon induction from copious materials of ethnography and history. In some ways we can see ourselves better in the book of this Spanish scholar than in that of any one nearer the centre of sociological enterprise; the German, French, or English au-

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thor does not impress one as being so detached and so likely to attain perspective. Hence Señor Posada's work has perhaps a special value in indicating tendencies. If, then, we find him, as it were from the outside, listing as sociology and sociological principle a series of considerations as to whether sociology is a science, as to its place in the hierarchy of sciences, as to "sociology as philosophy," etc., it would appear that little has been done since Spencer's time except to rearrange and to move into this or that connection the concepts to which Spencer, through his toilsome case-gathering and analysis, once gave vitality. To a natural scientist, at least, judging from the collection made by Posada, sociology must look very little like science.

Two books which may be grouped together are "Washington och dess svenska befolkning," by Ernst Skarstedt (Seattle), and "History of the Swedes in Illinois," edited by Ernst Olson in collaboration with Anders Schön and Martin J. Engberg, 2 vols. (Chicago: The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Co.). Works of this kind are welcome contributions to a field of American history that has not yet been fully explored, the story of the immigrants and the part they have played in building up the country. Even the biographical portions, often much decried, are not without their value in showing by concrete examples what individuals have accomplished. Mr. Skarstedt asserts, in his preface, that "the biographical part that closes the book, certainly is the richest and most impartial which has hitherto appeared in any Swedish-American work." Mr. Skarstedt has himself lived in Washington and Oregon and knows the country and its people intimately. He is therefore able to relate much from first-hand knowledge. His descriptions of the natural features and resources, industry, and commerce are intended as information for prospective settlers. Many of the illustrations are from photographs taken by the author. The volumes on Illinois are planned on a much larger scale. One is confined to biographies with portraits of nearly nine hundred Swedish-American men and women. The second volume, 900 pages, contains chapters on Churches (including the educational institutions controlled by them), Press and Literature, Early Settlers, the Bishop Hill Colony, the Swedes in the Civil War, etc. The three last-named chapters contain much new material. The whole account of the Swedes in the civil war represents much laborious research among the war records and other sources; being pioneer work, it is rather a collection of material for history than finished history. This volume contains several sketches of men not included in the biographical volume, such as, Raphael Widén, the first Swedish pioneer in Illinois; Jonas Hedström, the first Swedish clergyman in the State; Erik Jansson, founder of Bishop Hill; L. P. Esbjörn, founder of the Swedish Luheran Church in America; Gen. C. J. Stolbrand, chief of artillery under Logan, and Col. O. Malmborg. The introductory chapters on Illinois and on Chicago seem unnecessarily long. Many of the illustrations are from rare and curious cuts and photographs.

Dr. Ricarda Huch, who has written fiction and verse of distinction, has now published a volume of historical portraits from a most dramatic period of modern Italian history, "Das Risorgimento" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). The book traces the fate of some of the famous prisoners of the dreaded Spielberg, among them Federico Confalonieri, Silvio Pellico, Piero Maroncelli, Antonio Salvotti, and Giorgio Pallavicino. The author's power of characterization is evident in the portrayal of these men; also of the Emperor Francis, whose sketch closes with the words of Dante: "Speak not of him; look at him and go by"; and of Charles Albert of Savoy, whom she does not regard as worthy to be called the Hamlet of Italy, though she writes with sympathy of his weakness and his misfortunes.

One of the most interesting of recent German autobiographies is the volume of "Memoiren," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), well known as a writer, as the founder and president of the Austrian Friedensgesellschaft, and an enthusiastic and eloquent advocate of international peace. Certainly the hereditary influences, under which she grew up, could not have been the cause of her ardent devotion to this pacific mission. Her father, Count Kinsky, and both his brothers, were generals, and her mother was the grandniece of the poet Theodor Körner, famous for his *Schwertlieder*. Entirely opposed to the military spirit pervading these poems, and fostered by both branches of her family, is her novel, "Die Waffen nieder!" published in 1889, and soon translated into all European languages. Born in Prague, in 1843, she was remarkably precocious, and soon learned to speak fluently English and French. She was an excellent singer and pianist, and devoted herself also to intellectual pursuits in connection with her cousin, Elvira Büschel, who, when twelve years old, composed a drama which elicited the praise of Grillparzer. When she was eighteen she received an offer of marriage from a millionaire of fifty-two, whose suit was favored by her mother; she herself was dazzled by the prospect of villas, castles, palaces, and other splendors, and consented to the betrothal; but the first and only kiss he gave her caused her to recognize the impossibility of becoming his wife. "I cannot, *cannot*, and would rather die!" she exclaimed, and in spite of all protests broke off the engagement. Quite romantic is the account of the manner in which she was wooed and wedded by Baron von Suttner, revealing on her part fine feeling, rare discretion, and real force of character. It was due to her influence that Alfred Nobel of Sweden became so deeply interested in the cause of international peace as to establish the annual prize for the most efficient promoters of it. In 1905 this prize was justly awarded to Bertha von Suttner. Without entering into further details, it will suffice to characterize this work by stating that it deserves to rank in German autobiographic literature with Fanny Lewald's "Meine Lebensgeschichte," Karoline Bauer's "Erinnerungen," and Malwida von Meysenbug's "Memoiren einer Idealistin."

A charmingly written book of travels in Sicily, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and India is Cattina von Seybold's "Aus warmen bunten Ländern," presented in an attractive little volume by C. H. Beck of Munich.

Gustav Dalman's "Petra und seine Felsheiligtümer," with 347 views, plans, maps, and panoramas (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), is the fruit of the studies of an exceptionally well equipped Orientalist. The author, who is a member of the theological faculty in Leipzig, has been for several years on leave of absence, as leader of the German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem. He has made four separate scientific journeys to the famous rock city, Petra, in Southern Palestine, once the metropolis of a people related to the Edomites. Many of the archæological finds here pictured and described are new discoveries of the author, and the great majority are specimens of religious antiquities, such as 160 statue idols, 29 altars, 68 sacrificial feast tables, and 144 lustration vessels. Petra was the meeting place of Oriental and Occidental culture and religious institutions and creeds; this and its nearness to Israel make the work appeal to the Biblical student as well as to the classical archæologist.

In the Bulletin of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences Professor Beneshewitz reports the results of his recent investigation in the St. Catharine cloister on Mt. Sinai. Of special interest is the fact that he has found no fewer than 926 manuscripts which Gardthausen has not mentioned in his catalogue of Mt. Sinai manuscripts, and that there are still many other manuscripts in this historic cloister. These deal chiefly with the lives of saints, liturgies, church polity, medicine, and a number of the most valuable of all with the history of church music. Professor Beneshewitz has also reëxamined a large number of the documents, which Gardthausen described. Among the many photographs which he took of these manuscripts there is also a reproduction of the important Apophthegma (ἀποφθέγματα τῶν ἁγίων γερόντων) of the year 1064. An edition of this is announced, to be prepared by Dr. Nitikin, who is also a member of the St. Petersburg Academy. He will compare the two manuscripts of the Apophthegma text found in the Moscow Synodical Library.

It is now about a decade since the graduates of all three types of secondary schools in Germany, each with a nine-years' course (namely, the classical gymnasium, the semi-classical realgymnasium, and the purely scientific oberrealschule), have been admitted practically to all the departments of the universities on equal terms. Statistics now show that the classical course still has an overwhelmingly strong hold. During the past summer term there were 1,075 Protestant and 931 Catholic theological students in the ten universities of Prussia; all of them were graduates of the gymnasium. Of the 5,441 in the law departments, 4,569 were classical, 642 semi-classical, and 230 scientific. Of the 2,586 in the medical department, 2,179 were classical, 320 semi-classical, and 87 scientific. Of the 8,612 in the philosophical faculties, 6,085 were classical, 1,439 semi-classical, and 1,088 scientific. In eight non-Prussian universities, the proportions were about the same. Thus out of a total of 31,622 students in eighteen out of the twenty-one German universities (the Bavarian universities of Munich, Erlangen, and Würzburg not reporting), 24,876, or 78+ per cent., were classical; 4,417, or 14+ per cent., semi-classical, and 2,331, or 7.4 per cent., scientific. These statistics were compiled and

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published by Dr. Tilmann of the Prussian Ministry of Education in the *Monatsschrift für höhere Schulen.*

Any person who is interested in the growth of Western State universities will find much matter of significance in the thirteenth biennial report of the Regents of the University of Texas. The attendance in 1883-4 was 221; in 1903-4, 1,393; in 1907-8, 2,501. In the period from 1901 to 1907, the number of books in the library increased from 36,227 to 58,759. We quote a passage from the section of the report which treats the organization of graduate work:

> The university has been conservative in the work which it has offered. It has preferred to undertake nothing that it could not do with reasonable credit and distinction. It has heretofore not offered any degree higher than the master of arts. In this respect, it has stood almost alone among the universities of America. Hardly another institution of its grade has failed to offer the doctor's degree. The faculty and regents recognize that only the preliminary work toward this degree can be done with our present resources, but they confidently count upon the Legislature and the people of the State for making adequate provisions for this work in a large way.

At the seventeenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, in Philadelphia, February 21 and 22, papers will be read by Samuel P. Abelow, Brooklyn; the Rev. Henry Cohen, Galveston, Tex.; Albert M. Friedenberg, Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, Leon Hühner, Mark J. Kätz, Max J. Kohler, Isaac Markens, the Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, and Samuel Oppenheim of New York; Dr. Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach, Philadelphia; and Israel Solomons, London, Eng.

A summer school of theology will be held at Oxford from September 13 to 24. Scholars representing various churches and phases of thought will lecture.

The National Library of Wales, at Aberystwith, chartered in 1907, has become a reality by the transference thither of Sir John Williams's collections, numbering about 20,000 items. Besides the specifically Welsh books the library contains much pertaining to Gaelic, Irish, Cornish, and Breton philology.

On February 14 Prof. William Mathews, the oldest living graduate of Colby University, died in Boston at the age of ninety. In 1862 he was appointed professor of rhetoric and English in the University of Chicago, but gave up his place in 1875. He has written a number of books, including "Getting On In the World" (1873), "The Great Conversers, and Other Essays" (1874), etc.

Miss Emily Virginia Mason, known for her activities in behalf of Southern soldiers in the civil war, died at Georgetown, D. C., February 16. She was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1815. She wrote a "Life of General Robert E. Lee" (1871), and edited "Southern Poems of the War" (1867) and "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia in 1798" (1871).

Oswald Crawfurd, a well-known figure in London literary life, has died at the age of seventy-four. From 1867 to 1891 he had been consul at Oporto, and had rendered valuable service to the government during the Portuguese disaffections of 1889-90. As a writer he contributed largely to the magazines under such signatures as "John Dangerfield," "Joseph Strange," etc. Besides two volumes of verse and several novels, he published "Travels in Portugal" (under the pseudonym of "John Latouche"), "Round the Calendar in Portugal," "Portugal, Old and New," "British Comic Dramatists," "Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria," and "Four Poets."

Marquis Marie-Charles-Albert Costa de Beauregard, historian and, since 1896, member of the French Academy, has died in Paris at the age of seventy-three. His published works include: "Un Homme d'autrefois," "La Jeunesse du roi Charles-Albert," "Les Dernières Années du roi Charles-Albert," "Le Roman d'un royaliste sous la Révolution," and "Souvenirs tirés des papiers du comte A. de La Ferronnays."

Marquis Emmanuel-Henri-Victurnien de Noailles died in Paris, February 16, at the age of seventy-eight. He had been the ambassador of his country at Washington, Rome, Constantinople, and Berlin; and he was author of "La Pologne et ses frontières" (1863), "La Poésie polonaise" (1867), and "Henri de Valois et la Pologne en 1572" (1867), a work in three volumes, crowned by the French Academy.

Dr. Wladislaus Nehring, professor of slavic philology at the University of Breslau, has died in his seventy-ninth year. Besides works in the Polish language, he published "Iter Florianense" and "Altpolnische Sprachdenkmäler."

TWO WOMEN OF HISTORY.

The Maid of France. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Jeanne d'Arc is about to become officially beatified after a term of candidature that makes Mr. Bryan's seem as but a watch in the night. Her appeal from her judges at Rouen to the Pope, by them cruelly and unlawfully disregarded, has at last been argued and decided in her favor. At the same moment, the story of her life is told again by a man whose countrymen enjoy a unique relation to her:

> The Scots did not buy, or sell, or try, or condemn, or persecute, or burn, or—most shameful of all—bear witness against and desert the maid. The Scots stood for her always, with pen as with sword.

Mr. Lang's book is not written in the soothing spirit of leisurely research. It has a vivacity inspired by the two master passions of literature, love of the subject as a vital issue, and a strong objection, both temperamental and reasoned, to the author who has most lately treated it. What Plato is to Aristotle's "Politics," what Mommsen is to Ferrero's history of Rome, that is Anatole France to Mr. Lang's life of the Maid of Orleans. Mr. Lang's own conception of Jeanne is very simple and uncompromising: she was gifted with "genius which should be the marvel of the world while the world stands"; she was not only saintly, brave, and a natural leader of men, but of a high intelligence; her "voices" count for relatively little, since, but for her exceptional endowment, they would have been of no avail in saving France. It will be seen that battle is here offered to M. France all along the line.

Mr. Lang's criticisms of M. France are of two very different sorts, disagreement with his conclusions, and a much more damaging scrutiny of his premises. Under the latter head, he charges him not only with an exceptional clerical carelessness, but with the citation of passages which often do not support the text and sometimes contradict it. Two or three instances will show the character of these contentions, and their bearing on the general thesis of M. France. In speaking of Jeanne's visits to Robert de Baudricourt, M. France says:

> Le mépris du capitaine *et les outrages de la garnison* ne l'avaient ni humiliée, ni découragée; elles les tenaient au contraire comme des preuves de la vérité de sa mission, s'imaginant que ses Voix les lui avaient annoncées.

A footnote bases this statement on "procès," t. II, p. 53 (an obvious mistake for I, 53). The passage runs:

> Ipse autem Robertus bina vice recusavit et repulit eam, et in tertia vice ipsam recepit, et tradidit sibi homines; et ita etiam dixerat vox sibi quod eveniret.

It is clear that the "outrages of the garrison" are either a gratuitous addition or a careless reading of "tradidit sibi homines," with the cases transposed, and it is open to question whether the Voice referred to anything but the final success of Jeanne's application. M. France speaks twice of the scene in which the king and his advisers urged Jeanne to make clear to them the nature of her "council." In disparaging the value of the evidence of Dunois (I, xxiii.) M. France says:

> By a strange awkwardness, to prove that Jeanne had visions, he [Dunois] tells a story that, on the contrary, would lead us to believe that the young peasant girl was a clever impostor, and gave, at the request of the lords, an exhibition of ecstasy, like the Esther of the lamented Dr. Luys.

This passage supports the opinion that Dunois's testimony has been a good deal mishandled by the translator (who put the French evidence into Latin under direction of the court) and the clerks. But, later (I, 391), the story is quoted by M. France without warning of its suspicious nature as bearing on the character of Jeanne.

> The lords present were struck by the heavenly expression of the young girl's gaze. But those tearful eyes, that ravished air, which astonished the Lord Bastard, were not an ecstasy, but the imitation of an ecstasy. It was a scene full at the same time of artifice and of simplicity.

Now the passage upon which all this

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rests ("Procès," III, 12) states simply that while Jeanne, blushing somewhat, told the King in quite unemotional terms how her Voice addressed her, "she was wonderfully happy and raised her eyes to heaven"—"ipsa miro modo exsultabat, levando suos oculos ad cœlum." There is no more "ecstasy" in question than this, and if this be ecstasy, it is plain that the story cannot be used both as good evidence, and as proving that the testator's words had been tampered with. In describing Jeanne's retinue, M. France declares that her equerry, d'Aulon, belonged body and soul to La Trémoïlle, to whom he owed money; "Jeanne was in the hands of d'Aulon, and d'Aulon was in the hands of La Trémoïlle." According to Mr. Lang, the document on which this statement is based states explicitly that d'Aulon borrowed 500 gold crowns of La Trémoïlle for two months in March, 1432, having been obliged to pay a heavy ransom when captured with Jeanne. There is no evidence whatever that he owed money to La Trémoïlle in the lifetime of the Maid. These are but specimens chosen from a long list. The reviewer has verified the references in a number of instances, and in each case examined Mr. Lang has been in the right. His charges form a heavy indictment and an extraordinary commentary on the way in which history is written.

Apart from the question of the sources, Mr. Lang's main objection to M. France's picture of the Maid is that it underestimates her intelligence. He will have nothing to do with the theory of clerical inspiration; he holds that Jeanne was a military genius and the shrewdest politician about the King when the others were deceived by Burgundy; that her two examinations show a keen and strong mind, and that she was as far as possible from the ordinary type of mystic or hysteric. This is not the place to review M. France's book, but it should be noted that many readers of it have received a more favorable impression than Mr. Lang believes was intended. It has been pointed out before, notably by Gabriel Monod in the *Revue Historique*, that, while M. France does not do justice to Jeanne's wits in his own commentary, he nevertheless develops her objectively in his narrative in a far more favorable sense. He gives the reader material for the manufacture of as much enthusiasm as his temperament demands, and the weaknesses he allows her do but give a touching human verisimilitude to the picture.

Mr. Lang's book naturally suffers somewhat in form from its polemic character, and, fighting as it marches, confuses its two objects so as to leave on the reader an impression that M. France was one of the false-witnesses of Rouen. It is, however, a strong, clear, well-ordered brief, and will be an invaluable document for the next biographer of the Maid.

The First Governess of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria. By Eleanor E. Tremayne. Pp. xxxi+346. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of the various princesses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who answered to the name of Margaret of Austria, the subject of the present biography is probably the most attractive, and certainly the most cosmopolitan. The story of her various courtships and marriages carries the reader into almost every country of Western Europe. Wedded successively before she had attained the age of twenty-two to Charles VIII of France (the marriage ceremony was actually performed, though the bride was less than four years old), to John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and to Philibert Emmanuel of Savoy, she refused Henry VII of England and Louis of Hungary, and was loved by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and by Antoine de Lalaing, Count of Hoogstraten. And we hasten to add that she preserved her dignity and womanliness through it all, with far better success than most of her contemporaries in that very marrying age. Moreover, unlike the majority of them, she was something more than a mere matrimonial commodity. As regent of the Netherlands for her nephew, the Emperor Charles V, she was able and successful, especially in her attempts to centralize the government, and to gain advantageous commercial relations with England, though her fame as an administrator must necessarily suffer from the fact that the Inquisition found its first victims in the Low Countries during her rule. The "Ladies Peace" of Cambray, in the negotiations for which she on the whole got the better of her antagonist, Louise de Savoie, attests her ability as a diplomatist; the church of Brou, near Bourg en Bresse, her skill as an architect; her patronage of Erasmus and the eulogies of Jean Lemaire de Belges, her literary appreciation and skill as a poet.

Margaret of Austria's career is one which is sure to appeal to the imagination of the historian who likes to reflect on the interminable problem of "what might have been." It contains passages in which the very slightest change would have profoundly affected the destinies of Europe. The tragic ending of her Spanish marriage is one of these. Had the Prince of the Asturias survived, or had he left issue behind him, Spain would have escaped the dire misfortune that dogged her footsteps for the next fifty years—the curse of a foreign ruler with whose outside responsibilities she had nothing in common, who used her for his dynastic purposes, and made little or no return. Disburdened of the Empire under the rule of sovereigns such as John and Margaret promised to become, Spain's lot would have been far happier, and the whole history of sixteenth-century Europe profoundly changed. The life of Margaret of Austria witnesses many turning-points like this, and its interest is thereby materially enhanced.

Mrs. Tremayne's book is a welcome addition to the lighter biographical literature of the sixteenth century. It is not free from errors of fact and judgment, which betoken hasty composition and lack of background. How Margaret could have promised "to preserve the rights and privileges of the seventeen provinces" of the Netherlands (p. 77) in 1507, for instance, it is difficult to conceive, in view of the fact that at least five of these seventeen provinces were not in Hapsburg hands at all at this date. Misprints of proper names are frequent. The name of Jean Lemaire de Belges is given in three different ways; and the poet Marot would scarcely have recognized his prenomen under the spelling "Clémont." And Mrs. Tremayne has a wofully unhistorical faculty for passing over the shadier sides of her subject's life without comment, so that the whole impression is considerably more favorable than Margaret deserves. But her account is vivid and interesting; Major Hume's unrivalled knowledge of unpublished material enables him to preface it with a very useful introduction; and the book as a whole is well worth perusal. If the present standard is maintained, the Romantic History Series, of which it forms a part, will be an unquestioned success. For the purpose of furnishing romantic biographies the early sixteenth century is an age that cannot be surpassed.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tono-Bungay. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

This fresh lapse into mere fiction on the part of our, as it were, leading fancy scientist and millennial forecaster, is of more than common interest. In general method it is rather frankly modelled on "Joseph Vance"; that is, it is composed with skill, though with some appearance of inconsecutiveness and even incoherence. And there is a similar suggestion of recurrence to the Victorian manner, although the substance of the story is of to-day. "Tono-Bungay" is a patent medicine, contrived by a provincial English apothecary, Ponderevo, and made the basis of a great fortune. Unlike that panacea of Mr. Locke's Clem Sypher, it is not believed in by its promoter, who is a born charlatan. But he has the charlatan's faith in his star, and a quack philosophy of a comfortable sort which sounds, to be sure, uncom-

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fortably like a familiar theory of "business." He has his authorities to quote:

> I suppose you must respect Carlyle? Well, take Carlyle's test—solvency. (Lord! what a book that "French Revolution" of his is!) See what the world pays teachers and discoverers, and what it pays business men! That shows the ones it really wants. There's a justice in these big things, George, over and above the apparent injustice. I tell you it wants trade. It's trade that makes the world go round! Argosies! Venice! Empire!

Our apothecary is a great admirer of America.

The Ponderevo philosophy has no illusions for the Ponderevo nephew, and present autobiographer. But he is miserably in love with a girl who, he knows, will marry him at a certain figure of yearly income. So he gives up his scientific studies, in which he has made a singularly successful start, and devotes himself to "making Tono-Bungay hum." It hums. But George's marriage turns out a wretched fiasco, and in the end the firm of Ponderevo fails to meet the test of Carlyle; for in time the nephew neglects the humming process in favor of airships, and Tono-Bungay goes to smash. The escape of the insolvent pair across the channel in a machine which is a combination of aeroplane and dirigible puts the Wells seal upon the plot.

But the persons in the book are of more importance than the plot. The originator of Tono-Bungay is a notable portrait of amiable rascality; and his wife is a sweet and humorous woman worthy to rank with Mr. De Morgan's Lossie and Sally. She (though there is little enough romance in her life as we see it) is the heroine of the story rather than George's unfit wife or equally unfit sweetheart. The culmination of his affair with Beatrice is cynical and disheartening, though it can—or because it can—hardly be called untrue to life on a certain plane.

The Three Miss Graemes. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Though it lacks the directness and artistic finish of "The Expensive Miss Du Cane," this story has the quaint daintiness of its own heroines and is a pleasant companion for an idle hour, its very gentle verbosity having a certain soothing quality. The theme is of the simplest. Three young girls have been reared by the father in cloistral seclusion on a Scotch island. His sudden death, after disastrous ventures on the turf, leaves them poor and unprotected, and they set forth attended by a faithful piper, to make their home with a distant relative in London. Their unsophistication is sorely out of place there, but after divers trials and wearinesses fate smiles upon them. The two elder find the nearest approaches to the Fairy Prince that prosaic modernity affords, and the writer leaves them to live happy ever after.

Helen Graeme is real and attractive. One will not readily forget the picture of her kneeling at family prayers to give thanks for "Thy generous favor in giving victory to the horse St. Cuthbert." She carries this simple directness of faith into all her dealings with the world. In the hands of a harsher author, what might not have been her fate? But Miss Macnaughtan is content to let her incredibly ingenuous beauty simply adorn a tale, instead of pointing a strenuous moral, and herein lies the reader's good fortune.

The Supreme Test. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The visit of the captivating Kythe West to the household of Wilmot Suncliffe, churchwarden, produced a very extraordinary effect upon him. He is at the outset, in Kythe's expressive paraphrase, "a widower, a preposterous, narrow-minded, impossible person, with three hideous, ill-conditioned children," riding two hobbies, "the iniquities of the High Church party" and "the deplorable spread of what he called 'modern ideas.'" He ends by being a *preux chevalier*, a champion of slandered girlhood, a father to unprotected youth, combining the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes with the loftiness of Don Quixote and the self-immolating quality of a Knight of the Grail. And this happens in less than two months. In February, he is talking like a sanctimonious sniveller. In April he plucks a girl from the consequences of silliness, adroitly hoodwinks her world in order to shield her, and meantime divines her mind as never yet did prig, of all persons, divine the mind of woman. That the girl who changed his life and made a self-sacrificing lover and hero of him is utterly and absolutely a minx does not heighten the improbability of the apotheosis. If a man's soul is to widen out of all recognition in six weeks, a minx is quite as likely as another to do the deed.

The story moves at a lively pace in and out among the pranks of Kythe, but her champion's transmutation is hard to follow. Nor is the reader greatly helped by the explanation in the publisher's note—that "the hard shell of his religious teaching dissolves in the liquid joy of his exquisite visitor."

The Bishop and the Boogerman. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

> Being the story of a little Truly-girl, who grew up; her mysterious companion; her crabbed old uncle; the Whish-Whish Woods; a very civil engineer, and Mr. Billy Sanders the Sage of Shady Dale—

So runs the instructive sub-title. In this sunny book, appropriately illustrated by Charlotte Harding, the lamented creator of the Tar Baby worked out after his own fashion the leading motive of "Silas Marner." A little girl bereft of her parents but happy in the possession of a wholly imaginary playmate, Cally-Lou, enters the home of her "crabbed old uncle," and humanizes him and every one else that comes near her. This theme is developed with a hearty garrulity which seems rather the effect of rapid improvisation than of premeditated art. One feels also the lack of structural symmetry in the patched-up and haphazard concluding chapters, in which the fantastic Adelaide shoots suddenly into womanhood, and marries, merely, it would appear, that the tale may have an ending as well as a middle and a beginning. But perhaps it is hypercritical to complain of the structure of a book which exists only for the sake of its characters. To any one at all interested in the soft, fluent speech and the mental markings of Southern types, this oddly assorted group will be charming. The crabbed uncle has a young spot in his heart; the old black mammy adores children; her runaway son studying to be a bishop is himself a child in heart and head; Adelaide is an irresistible sprite; and the Sage of Shady Dale is fit to be her comrade. No writer of his time entered more sympathetically than Joel Chandler Harris into the playful imagination of the "folk" and into the creative fancies of children. This story is effective because it revives in the reader the innocent emotions of childhood from which it springs.

In Morocco with General d'Amade. By Reginald Rankin. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50.

When Gen. d'Amade succeeded Gen. Drude in command of the French forces at Casablanca towards the end of 1907, and commenced active operations against the Moors of the *hinterland*, many persons believed that his work marked the beginning of a conquest. Later, when the war between the Sultans went against the man to whom France had thrown its support, and German diplomacy spun additional difficulties in the way of the French, it looked as if Gen. d'Amade's campaign had marked the beginning of a failure. Now that France and Germany have come to terms about Morocco, it appears plainly that the fortunes of the French are to fall midway between failure and conquest. French domination in Morocco is now out of the question; but it is certain that France will be henceforth an active agent in the opening up of Morocco and will hold something of the privileged position accorded it by the Conference of Algeciras. To this extent our author is justified in saying

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that "the historian of the future will recognize in Gen. d'Amade's work another link in the chain of destiny first forged by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours."

Mr. Rankin was correspondent for the London *Times* with the troops of Gen. d'Amade, and took part in most of the marching, counter-marching, and fighting which resulted in the subjection of the tribes of Chaouiya—that "colossal cornfield" stretching some thirty-five miles to the north and south of Casablanca and fifty miles inland. About this marching and fighting there was, on the whole, an uneventful sameness which affords Mr. Rankin ample opportunity for side-studies of the nature of the country, its inhabitants, its resources, and its promise for the future. For the military student there is much detailed material on the theory and methods of African campaigning, and on the showing made by the French troops, for whom the writer has little but praise. Mr. Rankin writes with the learning and authority we readily associate with the great journal he represented. Naturally, he voices the political opinions of that paper, which are solidly on the side of the French and strong for the necessity of a prolonged occupation of the Chaouiya region. As a matter of fact, the French are still in Casablanca; but the agreement with Germany to which we have referred makes it improbable that they will remain there in the capacity of conquerors.

More than once in the course of Gen. d'Amade's campaign, the charge of unnecessary severity was brought against the French. Whether unnecessary or not, hard blows were undoubtedly struck and the Chaouiya tribesmen, at times brave to the point of fanaticism, suffered heavily. The natives of Western Morocco are not the nomads of popular fancy. The rich Chaouiya grainlands are occupied by an industrious population of whose means of livelihood the French expeditionary columns made a sad business. Whatever may have been the initial rights and wrongs of the affray at Casablanca that led to the French invasion, Mr. Rankin's account does not quite succeed in giving us the impression that Gen. d'Amade's troops had sound reasons for carrying war among a people that only asks to be let alone. Burning villages and farms was part of the French programme. In the fighting which was, on more than one occasion, hand to hand, there was no giving and asking of quarter. Prisoners were not taken on either side. The writer's extremely British imperturbability enhances our sense of the distressing nature of the conflict. He is very sensitive to the beauties of Moroccan wildflowers, and rather indifferent to the value of life, human or animal. In the following passage we are reminded almost of the Englishman who said, "What a beautiful morning! Let us go kill something":

> The friend raised his mighty hand and smote the hare behind the ear, at the junction of the neck, even as gamekeepers are wont to smite rabbits, and so great was the force of the blow that the head of the hare fell from its body and rolled away under the shade of the ground-orchids beneath the cork tree.
>
> It was one of those delicious mornings when the heat of the sun is tempered by a little breeze, and the larks are singing in the blue for joy.

On the whole, a readable and useful volume.

An Irish Precursor of Dante: A Study on the Vision of Heaven and Hell Ascribed to the Eighth-Century Irish Saint Adamnán, with Translation of the Irish Text. By C. S. Boswell. London: Nutt.

We are tempted to apply to this book a phrase that is used frequently in its pages with reference to the classification of departed spirits, *bonus sed non valde*. It contributes very little that is new to the history of the vision literature with which it deals; and much of the discussion, which ranges widely from Ireland to the Orient, is of a decidedly second-hand character. Even within the limits of Irish the author does not show thorough mastery of his subject. He fails to mention one version of the "Fís Adamnáin" itself, the abbreviated form of it which is embedded in the later prose text of the "Voyage of Snegdus and Mac Riagla" (published by Thurneysen in a Freiburg programme, 1904, and again by Stokes in the *Revue celtique*, XXVI, 130 pp.); and what is stranger still, he states, by way of introducing his own translation of the "Fís," that Dr. Stokes's rendering is accessible only in the limited Simla edition, whereas it was reprinted both in *Frazer's Magazine* for 1871, and in Miss Stokes's "Three Months in the Forests of France" (1895). Regarded merely as details of bibliography, omissions like these are, perhaps, unimportant, but they sometimes involve ignorance of matters that are essential. If Mr. Boswell had known Professor Thurneysen's edition of the Snegdus texts, he would probably have modified the statements made on page 162, with regard to the date of the tale; and if he had read Dr. Stokes's edition of the poem ascribed to St. Cuimmin (in the *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, I, 61), he would hardly have followed Father Denis O'Donoghue so implicitly in assigning the piece to the seventh century (see page 208, n.). To cite only one more example of his lack of thoroughness, he makes on page 114, the extraordinary statement that the apocryphal "Book of Adam and Eve" was an Egyptian work of the fifth or sixth century, of which no mention is known outside of Ireland. The use of it in the "Saltair na Rann" is apparently cited as evidence of early contact between Ireland and Egypt. But Dr. Stokes's edition of the "Saltair," to which Mr. Boswell refers in his footnote, should have guided him to Professor Wilhelm Meyer's article, containing early Latin texts of the "Vita Adae et Evae," and an account of numerous versions in the vernacular languages of Europe. As to the Irish knowledge of Egypt, there are other indications of it, some of them cited by Mr. Boswell, which we do not mean to question.

Serious as seem the defects in Mr. Boswell's Celtic scholarship, his book is, nevertheless, of considerable value, as being the only extensive collection of early Irish visions of the world to come. It brings together most of the important documents of this class, analyzes them at length, and compares them with one another, and with the accounts of the happy other-world in secular Irish saga. The chapters on the relation of the Christian visions to native Celtic tradition, though greatly indebted to Alfred Nutt's well-known essay (published with the "Voyage of Bran"), add some new material which has become recently accessible, and they ought not to be overlooked by students of the "Celtic paradise." On the whole, the book exhibits better than any other the part the Irish took in developing the literary type which derives its chief interest from the "Divine Comedy," and it does this without losing sight of literary values or making untenable claims of Dante's indebtedness to Celtic sources.

Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier: His Life and Letters. 1478-1529. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

That a single season should produce two elaborate English works on Castiglione ought to signify the remarkable vitality of his reputation; for of how many men or women who flourished four centuries ago can as much be said? When we examine Christopher Hare's book, "Courts and Camps of the Renaissance," (see the *Nation*, December 3, 1908, p. 548), and these even more sumptuous volumes, we see that other considerations besides Castiglione's personal merits have combined to make him a favorite subject. He has so much background! and this background lends itself so wonderfully for modern illustrations! So we suspect that it is the renaissance and the paintings and buildings of the renaissance, quite as much as the character and deeds of Baldassare himself that explain these recent works.

Mrs. Ady virtually confesses this by

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writing a history of the times, through which Castiglione's biography flows, often no broader than a rill; occasionally, indeed, it disappears altogether. We do not object to this method—the whole question being one of proportion. By showing the wild crimes, the national and international brigandage, the mingling of moral depravity with artistic sensitiveness, of the age in which he flourished, she brings out all the more clearly his virtues, his honorable conduct, his ideals of courtesy. He had an interesting career, and he displayed talents of various sorts, but it is, after all, his authorship of "The Courtier" that chiefly attracts us.

That book is still a model on which gentlemen of the highest type may be formed. Its province is manners; but whoever reads it attentively will discover that the manners Castiglione teaches spring from character—they are not the mere veneer which a dancing-master can impart. This is, perhaps, unexpected, and leads us to ask how far the ideal courtier (that is, gentleman) is the creature of Castiglione's imagination, and how far he had flesh-and-blood counterparts at the Italian courts of the renaissance. They abounded, we know, in guile, hypocrisy, cruelty and deceit: how then did it happen that from such an environment such an ideal arose?

The readers of Mrs. Ady's books will not find this question answered directly, or even broached; but if they are curious, they can disentangle the answer for themselves from her great mass of material. We think that Castiglione's biography might easily be written in one-fourth of the space which she has filled, and he would probably stand out more vividly in the briefer study; but there is so much of interest in her volumes that we do not complain of their bulk. She is a pleasant writer, a fair popularizer of more learned investigators, and a wholesome judge of deeds and events. The beauty of her book, in binding, type and illustrations, deserves special mention.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I: A—Art. Pp. xxii+903. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.

The numerous works of reference that have appeared recently in response to the demand for summary statements of the latest results of research are of various grades of excellence. Some are popular compilations and have only a secondary value; in others the articles are prepared by independent investigators, specialists of good standing, and are valuable for scholars as well as for the unlearned. It is in this last class that the new encyclopædia edited by Dr. Hastings and his assistants professes to belong, and, to judge from the first volume, the profession is fairly well justified. The list of contributors includes a good number of well-known names, among them W. Bousset (on Antichrist), A. E. Crawley (Hindu Anointing), W. Crooke (many Hindu subjects), F. Cumont (Anahita), G. d'Alviella (Animism), Rhys Davids (Buddhist topics), P. Ehrenreich (South American Indian Cults), De Groot (Chinese Adoption), D. G. Hogarth (Ægean Religion), M. Lidzbarski (Ahiqar), E. Littmann (Abyssinian Religions), Sir Clements Markham (South American Andean Cults), Th. Nöldeke (Ancient Arabian Religion), A. C. McGiffert (Apostolic Age), Louis de la Vallée Poussin (Buddhist topics), A. H. Sayce (Early Vannic Armenian Religion), N. W. Thomas (Animal Cults). The plan adopted of describing a subject generally in one article and then having particular aspects of the subject treated in separate articles by different persons (as in Absolute, Adoption, Alchemy, Altar, Ancestor-worship, Architecture, Art), though it involves some repetition, has the advantage of presenting the topic from various points of view. The field to be covered by the work (in about ten volumes) is very wide: it is to describe all religious and ethical systems, movements, customs, and ideas, and, the preface adds, every philosophical idea, from which it would appear that it is to be an encyclopædia of philosophy as well as of religion and ethics—a commendable recognition of the intimate relations existing between the three departments of thought. The editors have been embarrassed by the wealth of material that presented itself, and, not content with religion, ethics, and philosophy, have entered the fields of biology (Adaptation) and hygienics (Adulteration); and the article on Agriculture, in which we should expect to find a statement of the close connection between agriculture and various religious customs and ideas, is a description of ancient methods of tillage, with only two or three passing references to mythological facts. In general, however, the selection of subjects is good. The location of subjects is sometimes arbitrary; it is not clear, for example, why Abelard should have a separate article and Albertus Magnus be referred to the article Scholasticism. But allowance must be made for the accidents of editorial arrangements.

There is not much in the contents of the articles that calls for adverse criticism. The helpful description of the Ægean religion appears to be overbold in its constructions. The assertion (in the article Ainu) that the Ainu religion was originally monotheistic, and was debased by the rise of animism, is wholly without support in Ainu material, and is contradicted by what we know of the history of savage cults. The conception of Satan's ambition (p. 372) is to be traced not to Ezekiel xxviii (for, in all probability, the Satan figure had not been constructed in Ezekiel's time), but to the story in "Secrets of Enoch," xxix, 4. In so large a mass of material there will necessarily be points on which specialists differ, but the articles have all been carefully prepared, and in most of them the conclusions are well supported. The lists of books of reference appended to the various articles are well selected and sufficiently full. The proof-reading is good; there are a few obvious typographical errors. It is strange to find (p. 147) the spelling "Ashtaroth" (a plural form) for the name of the goddess Ashtart (Astarte).

Buddhist Essays. By Paul Dahlke; translated from the German by Bhikkhu Silacara. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

It is five years since Dahlke's "Aufsätze zum Verständniss des Buddhismus" appeared in Germany, time enough for a translation to be out of date had the original been concerned with the historical questions now most discussed by Buddhist scholars. Fortunately for the translator, neither the time of the Buddhist councils nor the problem of their historical reality formed the subject of Dahlke's studies, but the inner meaning and worth of the religion as traditionally received. So far as we have compared the translation with the original, the English version is idiomatic and satisfactory; but in this first English presentation of a work that has had a large circulation in Germany we are chiefly concerned with an appraisement of the subject-matter, since the volume represents a school of anti-Christian thought in Germany which has led to the production of a number of manuals and text-books of similar character.

At the outset let it be said that Dahlke's is by far the best of this group of tracts—for such in reality they are—notably better than the work of Freydank, which appeared at the same time, in that it is free from the exaggerated disapproval of all things Christian displayed by many of the "modern Buddhists." Dahlke, while not a Sanskrit or Pāli scholar, is a thinker, and his writing is the result not of dislike, but of conviction. He believes that Buddhism is a more satisfactory religion than Christianity, but he does not waste time by recounting the horrors of the Middle Ages done for Christ's sake. His "Essays" are a fair presentation of the religion of his Master; for the most part they give a presentation of the texts themselves, taken from the Middle Collection of the Second Book of the Pāli canon. They deal with Buddha's life and with the teaching in regard to life, sorrow, Nirvāna, God, morality, asceticism, etc. To these the author adds his own exegesis and conclusions.

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In the main these conclusions are just. The religion of Buddha is of value only for those who feel life to be sorrow; it is a religion of renunciation and consequently differs from the religion of the poor, "which must be a religion of promises." Dahlke sees too clearly into the heart of Buddhism to indulge in that shallow sentimentalism which clothes Buddhism with the modern garment thrown about it by such writers as H. Fielding Hall, author of "The Soul of a People." It is a religion for thinkers, with its "clear, cold, steel-like atmosphere," as opposed to the "sickly-sentimental, sweetly languishing." To the true Buddhist, woman is merely "the object of cool reflection," and Buddhism has put back love "into its proper place." And so it is with life, as with love. "The teaching of the Buddha is not for him who desires life; at any time it is suited only to a few." Herein to Dahlke lies the superlative satisfaction of Buddhism to the wise man. In Buddha's system, love, either in the Christian sense of love for our neighbor, or for God, is non-existent. There is no God. Our neighbor must look out for himself. We, too, live only to get rid of life, which as philosophers we condemn. In a word, there is more true Buddhism in a page of Dahlke than in a volume of Mr. Hall, and if only as an antidote to the pernicious *mischmasch* so often offered to the general public as Buddhism this volume would be heartily welcome.

Nevertheless, it is not without grave defects; and if space permitted it would be worth while enlarging on these, for they are the defects of the school to which Dahlke belongs. But at least this much must be said. The claim is made by Dahlke and others of the modern Buddhists, that Buddhism is a satisfactory religion because it is not sentimental, but rational. In this particular Buddhism no doubt attracts many whom Christianity repels. But the further assertion that Buddhism is wholly rational, that it is not based on hypothesis at all, that "alone among all the founders of world-religions, the Buddha only speaks of things which he can prove"—all this is untrue. For the whole system of Buddha roots in the theory of Karma, that is, not only in the theory of metempsychosis (which is itself undemonstrable), but also in the theory that man lives his weary round of millions of births weighed down by the moral product of former births. If it were not for this theory there would have been no occasion for Buddhism. It is not this one life that is the burden: any brave man might endure it. It is the ceaseless flow of lives which the individual has to undergo that makes life an endless sorrow and gives occasion for the need of some Path of Salvation. But this whole doctrine was and is accepted as a matter of faith. It was not proved by Buddha; it was simply the current belief of his day, unscientifically, unphilosophically, accepted, much as the "soul-belief" is accepted by Christians. To say that Buddhism (in distinction from Buddha) is without dogma is also an error. The belief of the Buddhist Church is built up not upon a rational system, but upon "the word of the Buddha." What Buddha said is definitive; it must not be an object of discussion. In this regard there is no difference between the faith of a Christian in his Word of God, the belief of a Brahman in his Revealed Veda, and the belief of a Buddhist in his "so said the Master." It is a veritable *ipse dixit* religion, not only in the later form of the Great Vehicle, but from the beginning, in the earliest Pāli texts.

Science.

The California Earthquake of April 18, 1906: Report of the State Earthquake Commission, Andrew C. Lawson, Chairman. Vol. I, Parts 1 and 2, and Atlas. [Vol. II to appear later.] Washington, D. C.: Published by the Carnegie Institution.

The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena. By Cargill Gilston Knott. Pp. x+283; figures 44. New York: Henry Frowde.

The famous shock, now generally known as the San Francisco earthquake, took place April 18. Despite the thousand distractions of this period of ruin and fire, the Governor of California was mindful of the great scientific importance of the opportunity, and on April 21 appointed a State Earthquake Commission, consisting of A. C. Lawson, G. K. Gilbert, H. F. Reid, J. C. Branner, A. O. Leuschner, George Davidson, Charles Burkhalter, and W. W. Campbell. This distinguished group of geologists, physicists, and engineers also associated with themselves fifteen or more additional well-qualified observers, and began the work of recording carefully all important phenomena bearing on the shock. The Governor had no funds upon which to draw, and the Carnegie Institution came to the aid of the commission. The main work of composition has been done by Professor Lawson, but special chapters have been prepared by collaborators; and the volume yet to be issued will be a discussion of the instruments employed for recording shocks.

The two parts now available contain chiefly the carefully assembled details of the effects produced by the earthquake. As all the world now knows, the cause was a faulting movement along an old northwest and southeast rift or line of disturbance. The movement was chiefly horizontal, the southwestern side appearing to have moved northwest to a somewhat greater degree than the northeastern one moved southeast. The displacement ranges from 10 to 15 feet, reaching a maximum of 21. In the northwest there was a slight vertical displacement also, but it involved only two or three feet. The identified, continuous length of the faulted zone is 190 miles, but if to this is added an additional rift, separated from the other by a stretch of ocean, the total distance is 270 miles. The rift itself is prolonged to the south some hundreds of miles farther than the distance just given, but in the extension no movement seems to have taken place at the time of the recent earthquake. The shock, however, was felt for more than 700 miles along the line of the rift, and for 300 miles to the east of it. There must have been a grinding slip and drag, lasting for about a minute, but with diminishing after-shocks for months. The rift runs off the peninsula on which is situated San Francisco, just to the southwest of the city, but it strikes the mainland again a few miles to the north. The rift is called the San Andreas. It is not a single fissure, but a series of rather closely spaced, parallel ones. Throughout its course it is marked by displaced fences, roads, bridges, etc., and by cracks, pools, craterlets, and on the north by slight escarpments. Earlier movements have left a pronounced valley along its line. All of these phenomena are profusely illustrated in the report.

The areas of maximum destruction have been carefully studied and mapped in the atlas. They are long, narrow belts next the rift itself, but with some outlying points, depending on the local geology. The report brings out most clearly the relative security of buildings on solid rock and the extreme damage done to those on loose sand or made ground. The areas of maximum destruction have therefore a geological factor as well as one of geographical location. Sea-quakes receive a chapter. The shock was felt by vessels, but as there was so little vertical displacement no sea-wave rolled in on the shore. The sounds that accompanied the shock are shown to be deep in pitch and widespread. Some curious effects on animals are recorded. Horses, cats, dogs, and cattle seem to have felt preliminary tremors appreciable periods of time before the men who were watching them. The after-shocks are also discussed, but the records are believed to be incomplete, largely because earthquake news of this sort was not specially welcome, nor was its publication encouraged. Comparisons are also given with earlier Californian shocks.

The maps, which are beautifully prepared, afford valuable illustrative material. In the atlas are also printed

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seismograms from all over the world. The discussion of them will be one of the chief topics of Volume II, which is being prepared by H. F. Reid.

A call to be the Thomson lecturer in the United Free Church College in Aberdeen was the immediate cause of the preparation of "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena." In the session of 1905-6, the author presented the material which he subsequently developed into a volume. Eight years as professor of physics in the University of Tokio, 1883-91, had placed Dr. Knott in close association with John Milne and his Japanese colleagues in the formative period of earthquake study; and during subsequent years, as a lecturer on applied mathematics in Edinburgh, he had continued to follow the subject with interest. The work is a condensed but very clear review and discussion of the phenomena and causes of earthquakes. The earth is consistently viewed from the standpoint of physics and of the physicist, who regards the rocky crust as a medium of greater or less elasticity in which vibrations are produced and through which they are propagated. In this discussion the larger features of the shocks, such as their distribution and periodicity, are explained; the means of detection and measurement are analyzed in a general way, and the more prominent instruments are described. Although doubtless often tempted to use the higher mathematics, Dr. Knott rather strictly adheres to simple treatment well within the grasp of those whose training is fairly elementary. The book presents a timely and excellent statement of the subject.

"Some Nature Biographies," by John J. Ward (John Lane Co.), may be regarded as a pioneer in a field which may soon become important, both in teaching in schools and in scientific investigation. We have on the one hand the single photograph—dominant up to this time—and the moving-picture machine, which is just entering the field of natural science. Midway stands Mr. Ward's work—isolated photographs taken in more or less rapid succession, to show the emerging of a butterfly from its chrysalis or the unfolding of a horse-chestnut bud in water. The eighteen chapters include plants, insects, jellyfish, and coal. The photographs are excellent and interesting, but the text leaves much to be desired. The facts are well-nigh drowned in verbiage. There is a heaviness of diction which makes the reading far from easy. The last chapter is delightful; it consists of twelve photographs of Finham Bridge, near Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, taken from the same point of view in every month of the year. The various seasons are beautifully pictured, and the author is to be congratulated on his success.

"The Fresh-Water Aquarium and Its Inhabitants," by Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg (Henry Holt & Co.), the second volume of Group IV of the American Nature Series, is a well-balanced, clearly written account of the more common species of plants, insects, amphibians, and fishes which are adapted for living in aquaria of moderate size. The major part of the book is devoted to brief descriptions of plants and animals, with suggestions as to special use and function—in the case of the plants, whether submerged, rooted, swampy, or free floating; and of the animals, hints as to which species will tolerate others in the same aquarium. The chapter on fish-hatching is of especial interest, as showing what may be accomplished in this unusual field in one's own room in a balanced aquarium. The illustrations, photographs from life by E. F. Keller and E. R. Sanborn, are some of the finest in this difficult field. It is a pity that these illustrations could not have been utilized in some general natural history as well as in this volume of more circumscribed interest.

The German Society for Anthropology and Ethnology has decided to publish a new journal, *Prähistorische Zeitschrift*. The editors will be Dr. Karl Schuchhardt of the Berlin Museum, Dr. Karl Schumacher of the Mainz Museum, and Dr. Hans Seger of the Breslau Museum.

The rigorously scientific publications of the French government mission to Mexico and Central America continue, with the third part of the "Recherches zoölogiques," under the general direction of H. Milne Edwards and Léon Vaillant: the present number, quarto with five plates, is devoted to the study of the reptiles by A. Duméril, Bocourt, and Mocquard.

The results of scientific exploration of Africa are embodied in three works recently published in Paris. Commandant Eugène-Armand Lenfant, government explorer, has a new volume, with 115 illustrations and a map of the "rivers of life and rivers of death"—Nana, Ouam, Penndé—"La Découverte des grandes sources du centre de l'Afrique" (Hachette). "Résultats scientifiques des voyages en Afrique (1886-1897)" is a severer and more costly summary of the lifework of the really great explorer and mighty hunter Édouard Foa, who went over and observed more than 300 itineraries from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, from Dahomey to the Cape, up the Zambesi and its affluents and to the true sources of the Congo (Plon-Nourrit). "L'Afrique du Nord," by Henri Lorin, professor of colonial geography in the University of Bordeaux, popularizes the scientific knowledge of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

The fifth congress of the Société Préhistorique de France will open at Beauvais (Oise), July 26. Three days will be given to discussions, including the following subjects: "Points d'extraction de Silex dans l'Oise"; "Architectonique des monuments mégalithiques du bassin de la Seine"; "Les Tourbières (géologie et préhistoire)." The rest of the week will be devoted to excursions to the dolmens of Trie-Château, Boury, Sérifontaine, and Champignolles; to the Camp of Cæsar at Hermes, the Quarternary stations of Mont-Sainte-Geneviève, to Compiègne, etc. Under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts, a special exhibition of prehistoric objects will be held at Beauvais during this congress.

The Royal Academy of Science, at Turin, announces a prize of 3,000 lire to be awarded in 1910 to the person who has made the most striking invention or published the most important book in one of the physical sciences.

Wilfrid H. Hudleston, F.R.S., a distinguished British geologist, has died at the age of eighty. In his earlier years he travelled much as an ornithologist, but later turned his attention to geological subjects, publishing numerous papers in the magazines. He had been president of the Geological Society, Wollaston medallist, and president of the Geological Section of the British Association. His first work was done under the name of Simpson, which he changed for that of Hudleston in 1867.

The death in his eighty-ninth year is reported of John Duns, emeritus professor of natural science in the Free Church New College of Edinburgh. His published books are: "Memoir of Professor Fleming," "Things New and Old," "Biblical Natural Science," "Science and Christian Thought," "Memoir of Sir James Simpson," and "Memoir of Rev. Samuel Martin."

Drama.

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Faith Healer," the new play by William Vaughn Moody, is a prose work of very different character from "The Great Divide," resembling it only in its use of symbolism, its contemporaneous significance, its compact, pregnant, and occasionally eloquent dialogue, and its dramatic interest. As the title implies, it deals with spiritual and pathological phenomena associated with the newest creeds as well as the oldest faiths. Michaelis, the hero, is an ecstatic—son of a missionary to the Indians in Mexico—who, after years of sheep-tending in the wilderness, sees a vision of the Living Christ, and, thereafter, himself begins to work miracles of healing. He even raises a boy, Lazarus, from the dead, after the fashion of Elisha with the Shunamite's son. Scriptural parallelisms are frequent throughout the piece.

When the curtain rises he is visiting a farm in the Middle West. The proprietor, Matthew Beeler, has been a student, in a small way, of Darwin and Spencer; his wife, Mary, a rhapsodical religionist, has been a helpless paralytic for five years. Neither he nor his sister, the bustling housewife, Martha, has any faith in Michaelis's ministrations. The latter, however, has a disciple in Mrs. Beeler's niece, Rhoda, a repentant Magdalen. Mary Beeler, it should be added, as an indication of character, receives communications from the spirit of her dead brother Seth. Michaelis is a creature of varying moods. Generally an enthusiast, he is often inclined to doubt his own powers, and he is especially perturbed by the presence of

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Rhoda, who strongly attracts him. Nevertheless, he succeeds in curing Mrs. Beeler, who arises from her bed and walks. The Rev. Mr. Culpepper, representing the orthodox clerical spirit, denounces the healer as a blasphemous mountebank. Dr. Littlefield, the family physician, embodying modern science, says that he works by a natural force, which threatens equally the old schools of divinity and medicine, but that fortunately he will not be able to keep up his practice, as he can only cure at the expense of his own vitality. Later on, the doctor appears to prove his case, for Michaelis, in a notably fine, passionate, and eloquent scene, declares his love for Rhoda and his willingness to sacrifice everything for her sake. Straightway Mrs. Beeler relapses into immobility, and an infant, whom he had been trying to cure, dies. But, then, Rhoda confesses that she has been a sinner, whereupon Michaelis, finding that she is not what he had supposed her to be—one specially sent to tempt him with the spirit of earthly joy, but simply a poor, sick girl in need of redemption and healing—sees a yet higher destiny unfolding before her and himself "with depths of life and heights of love" of which he had never before dreamed. With this access of spiritual devotion, his healing powers return to him in doubled force, and as he leaves the scene in fulfilment of his mission, the dead babe breathes again and Mrs. Beeler, with strength restored, walks forth to bear her testimony before a crowd of waiting pilgrims.

The play would be stronger if it were clearer in meaning and purpose, more definite in argument and declaration. It is difficult in reading it to determine whether it is a profession of faith, a spiritual romance, or a mere dramatic study of existing conditions. The future relations between Michaelis and Rhoda might well have been much plainer. Perhaps Mr. Moody sought to illustrate a problem, rather than to solve it. Possibly, a cue to his meaning may be found in the suggestion of Michaelis that "these lives of ours may be poured like a jelly from one mould into another, until God himself cannot remember what they were two years ago, or two hours ago." At all events, Mr. Moody has written a thoughtful and suggestive work, which, whether it wins success upon the stage or not, will make a strong appeal to the imagination of all intelligent readers. In literary expression, it is exceedingly felicitous, not only in the appropriateness of the dialogue to the personages concerned, but in the melody of the more oratorical passages.

Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out "Semiramis and Other Plays," by Olive Tilford Dargan, containing work earlier than the "Lords and Lovers," but said to be remarkable for the same power and variety of expression.

The latest issue of John S. Farmer's *Tudor Facsimile Texts* (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack) gives us two more plays of John Heywood, for whose biography the editor has collected material which is said to show the man to have been in no wise the sort of court fool commonly supposed. One of these new volumes, a folio, contains fragments of "Witty and Witless" reproduced from the manuscript in the British Museum, probably a clean draft made by the author himself. If this is so, it is the only specimen of Heywood's writing in the Museum. The other volume, a quarto, reproduces "Of Gentleness and Nobility" from the black-letter copy in the Museum. It gives the portrait of Heywood from the engraving pasted on a blank fly-leaf opposite the title-page of the original. Two more volumes of the series contain respectively "The Play of Wit and Science," by John Redford, from the original manuscript, probably the author's, and "A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ," by John Bale.

Prof. Edgar C. Morris in his edition of Middleton and Rowley's "Spanish Gipsie," and "All's Lost by Lust," in the Belles-Lettres Series (D. C. Heath & Co.), attacks one of the most difficult of the problems which confront the student of the old drama. He has attempted accurately to distinguish the lines in the "Spanish Gipsie" written by each of two close collaborators. It is an admirable literary exercise to undertake, for it demands a keen literary sense and an intimate acquaintance with the works of the two writers to get results at all worth while. But in such cases even the most proficient dramatic scholars must hesitate to commit themselves beyond the roughest generalizations. Prof. Morris has tried to demonstrate decidedly more than is susceptible of proof. He asserts in the first place that Middleton and Rowley "were able to fuse their work to an unusual degree," that they "seem usually not to have set apart certain acts and scenes for each, but to have worked on the same act together"; and then he proceeds to assign their parts scene by scene, and line by line—not even hesitating to say who wrote first and specifically how the work was revised. This is a very pretty piece of speculation, but the results are exceedingly flimsy. Furthermore, one's faith in this investigator's judgment is shaken by his general estimate of the character and literary talent of Middleton. "Formality, artificiality, refined humor, and self-restraint" are the last qualities in the world which a judicious critic would attribute to the author of the "Chaste Maid in Cheapside." "Flexibility, naturalness, broad humor, and rapid movement," the qualities which Professor Morris attributes to Rowley, are precisely the qualities which characterize the comedies acknowledged as Middleton's. With such a set of touchstones, we shall never solve the Middleton-Rowley problem. But here are the two plays, and the puzzle may be tried again. The fact that the "All's Lost by Lust" is accessible elsewhere only in the quarto of 1633 gives to this volume a value which it would not otherwise possess.

With the beginning of the new year the Deutsche Bühnenverein has launched its own magazine, *Die deutsche Bühne*, with Dr. Raphael Löwenfeld as editor.

"Gerhart Hauptmann von dem Forum der Kriminalpsychologie und Psychiatrie" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) sounds like a formidable arraignment of the poet, but is in reality a serious and sympathetic interpretation of his work by Dr. Erich Wulffen, an attorney in Dresden. The author points to the influence which modern science and intimate association with students of psychology and psychiatry, pupils of August Forel, had upon Hauptmann during his sojourn in Zurich. The problem of alcoholism which was being studied by them furnished the theme for "Vor Sonnenaufgang," and entered largely into "Das Friedensfest" and "College Crampton." "Einsame Menschen" is to Dr. Wulffen the drama of sexual affinity. In "Hannele" he admires the poet's art in making use of pathological phases of adolescence. In "Michael Kramer" the psychology of creative work is treated with insight. Some of Hauptmann's works directly bear upon criminal psychology, as "Der Biberpelz," which is a comedy of larceny, and "Die Weber" and "Florian Geyer" which, beside their social meaning, contain touches of political criminology. The most interesting interpretation is that of the figure of Rautendelein in "Die versunkene Glocke." To Dr. Wulffen she is typical of woman, striving to rise above her elemental nature and to spiritualize her physical life, an attempt counteracted by man, even as Heinrich the bellfounder hinders the development of Rautendelein. The little book is an illuminating commentary upon the earlier work of the poet.

Some of our most influential theatrical managers declare that they are not blind to the inevitable consequences of the unscrupulous conduct of some of their associates in pandering to the lower instincts of the mob. This utterance affords ground for hope that some measures may be devised to act as a dam against the rising flood of indecency. The responsibility for at least the immediate future rests largely upon the shoulders of the managers. The syndicate system, which, in many ways, has proved so mischievous to the best interests of the stage, has this merit, at all events, that it invests the men at the head of it with a summary power to say what sort of show shall or shall not be permitted to enter any of the houses under their control. Should they agree—as two or three of them seem inclined to agree, that some sort of a censorship might be even more beneficial to their interests than to those of public morality—they could put one into effectual operation at almost a moment's notice. They could not, of course, instantly suppress all indecent shows, but they could relegate them to fifth-rate houses, where they would attract far less notice.

Miss Julia Marlowe produced Mary Johnston's poetic play, "The Goddess of Reason," in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, with a considerable measure of success. Both the virtues and weaknesses of the piece, which has been reviewed already (see the *Nation*, May 16, 1907, p. 460), were manifest in representation. Among the former may be enumerated some effective theatrical scenes—including one of genuine dramatic power in the third act—several passages of marked literary eloquence and poetic charm, an interesting story, and

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three or four well-drawn characters. Confused and arbitrary construction—especially in the opening acts—and an abundance of halting and prosaic lines constitute the main defects. Whether considered as literature or drama it is a work of very uneven quality, but bearing many marks of conspicuous if undeveloped and untrained ability. The central character, that of a peasant girl, who, becoming a local leader of the French Revolution, denounces her lover in a fit of jealousy and afterwards, failing to save him, proclaims herself an aristocrat and royalist in order to share his fate, proves to be well suited to the personality and artistic methods of Miss Marlowe, who enacts it with unfailing charm, sympathetic intelligence, and occasional outbursts, as in the denunciation scene, of genuinely tragic emotion. On the whole her impersonation is one of the best which she has recently exhibited, being rich in those emotional flashes by which she has long been distinguished, and also in that quiet and unaffected pathos which is, perhaps, more artistically precious.

It is announced that Charles Frohman is to become the manager of the Sicilian actress, Mimi Aguglia, for a term of years, and that he will present her in English plays, so soon as she shall have learned the language. Some of her pieces are to be translated and others of English origin will be added to her repertory. It appears that Sardou esteemed her abilities highly and began a play for her, of which the unfinished draft is in Mr. Frohman's possession.

Wilfred T. Coleby's new comedy, "The Truants," Miss Lena Ashwell's latest production at the London Kingsway Theatre, deals with the adventures of an impetuous young couple who deliberately resolve to defy social conventions. They are brought to a sense of their folly in the nick of time by the intervention of a woman who is a distinguished author and traveller, a part played by Miss Ashwell, and said to be rich in dramatic possibilities.

H. B. Irving's lease of the Shaftesbury Theatre in London will expire at the end of this month and he will then bring to a close an exceedingly successful season. Under the circumstances he has decided to postpone the production of Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Cæsar Borgia" until the autumn. During his closing weeks, he has been appearing as Hamlet, Charles I, and Louis XI, thus challenging comparisons with his father in three of the latter's most brilliant successes. His Hamlet has been highly praised in the provinces, and his Charles I, which he exhibited here, is a fine performance which need fear no comparisons. Louis XI is, perhaps, a more dangerous experiment. But he appears to furnish one of the rare instances—especially rare upon the stage—in which the mantle of the father has fallen upon a son worthy to bear it.

Miss Evelyn Millard expects to produce Robert Hichens's new play, "The Real Woman," in the London Criterion Theatre, on February 23. The heroine is a young girl who has not yet awakened to the serious responsibilities of life. A visit to the East End, in which the action of an entire act is laid, opens her eyes to the misery, the squalor, and the suffering that form the daily round of so many unfortunate people. This brief, but poignant, experience brings to the surface all that is best and noblest in her nature. From a butterfly, she changes into a real woman. Mr. Hichens also is making a stage version for Miss Millard, of his story, "The Garden of Allah."

A review of the plays performed in German theatres during the season 1907-1908, just published by Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipzig, shows that Schiller has been played 1,441 times, "Wilhelm Tell" alone having reached 292 performances. Next in order come Sudermann with 1,202; Oscar Blumenthal, 1,021; Shakespeare, 945; Wildenbruch, 938, among them preëminently "Die Rabensteinerin"; Franz von Schönthan, 931; Ibsen, 876; Goethe, 705; "Faust," Part i, 213; L'Arronge, 684; Kadelburg-Skowronnek, 615; Henri Bernstein, 510; Meyer-Förster, 477; Hauptmann, 476; Hebbel, 409; Lessing, 370; Grillparzer, 369; and Molière, 185.

Sardou's books, engravings, and various effects will be sold in Paris in March and April by Lair-Dubreuil & Baudoin.

Music.

Beethoven's unsterbliche Geliebte. Von La Mara. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Beethoven died in 1827. After the funeral his brother and several of his friends carefully searched in his apartments for documents that might be of value, particularly some bank-stock certificates which it was known he intended to leave to his nephew. Disappointment seemed probable, when one of the searchers saw the head of a nail on the side of a bureau. Seizing it, he pulled out a secret drawer, containing the desired certificates and also a letter in Beethoven's handwriting to a woman, not named, whom he called his "*unsterbliche Geliebte*"—his "immortal beloved"—a letter which has been made the subject of countless newspaper articles and several brochures. It begins with the words: "My angel, my all, my ego," and continues throughout in this ardent style:

> I weep at the thought that you will probably not hear from me before Saturday—however much you may love me—my own love is stronger still.

The letter is dated July 6, but without year or place; incidental references indicate, however, that it was written at a bathing resort difficult of access, for the writer says he would have hardly got there alive had he not had an exceptionally good driver.

Schindler was the first to print this letter, in his biography of Beethoven. He advanced the view that the "immortal beloved" was the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, who for a time was Beethoven's pupil, and to whom he dedicated the "Moonlight" sonata when she was seventeen. This view prevailed for thirty years, until the American biographer of the great master, Thayer, applied his ingenuity to the problem and made it seem probable that, not the Countess Guicciardi, but her cousin, Theresa Brunsvick, was the "immortal beloved." There were a few weak points in the argument, and, while the writer of one brochure, Mariam Tenger, sided with Thayer, another writer, Dr. A. C. Kalischer, tried hard to prove that it was Giulietta who was Beethoven's "angel, all, and ego." One thing is certain, Thayer was wrong in giving the year 1806 as the date of the letter. Kalischer, in his complete edition of Beethoven's letters, dates it 1801; but the real date was 1807, as is made apparent by La Mara in the little book of 136 pages now before us. With an ingenuity worthy of Sherlock Holmes, she spent more than a decade in tracking the truth, searching family archives, interviewing relatives and descendants of the various *dramatis personæ*, and, finally, with the aid of the Pressburg town-librarian, Johann Batka, removing all reasonable doubt (see p. 34) that Theresa Brunsvick was the "beloved." And Theresa was worthy of the honor, for she must have been a young woman of unusual charm of mind as well as body. She spoke four languages. She never married, devoting her life largely to charitable work, especially in behalf of children. At the age of seventy she began to write her memoirs, which La Mara was so lucky as to secure for her book. They give interesting glimpses of her time, in various countries, for she was a great traveller. In one respect only are they disappointing: there is no direct reference to her love for Beethoven, but she writes concerning one proposal she received after his death: "I remained cold, an early passion had consumed my heart." On an earlier page she prints an account of the lessons Beethoven gave her. Instead of one hour, he remained four or five, and never missed a lesson during the fortnight she was in Vienna. La Mara's book is illustrated with a portrait of this remarkable woman, a facsimile of a Beethoven letter, and other documents.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

An exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy is a sort of clearing-house for American art—or at least for painting. Conservative and select standards prevail, in keeping with the historic dignity of the institution. The present show is said to be the best in average quality ever offered here. Of the oncomers there are many close to the leaders, and one finds the ensemble most stimulating. To note standards we elim-

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inate extremes. Works beyond art's gracious ministry to life or out of touch with general culture, problem-plays in the visual field or attempts to reform the world or stagger humanity, are happily absent. Radical departures from accepted modes, archaistic motives, Whistlerian "arrangements," fictitious romance, fond sentiment or bald illustration, have little place in the gallery. The two religious paintings by Henry O. Tanner, which might be classed as sentimental or illustrative, cannot, however, be summarily dismissed, for they are able and sincere. Yet they do not seem quite simple or immediate. Several pictures have a sort of religious potential; we can make a Madonna at will out of the noble *Mother and Child* (of 1902) by George De Forest Brush, or out of Charles W. Hawthorne's good and sympathetic picture of the same theme, because the idea is simple and eternal: *C'est assez d'un enfant sur sa mère endormi.* Even landscape of elemental suggestion and with a subjective background, like Winslow Homer's Early Evening, may be on the way to a votive mood. In sculpture, which seems with us in a less flexible state than painting, our exhibition deserves a closer examination than we can give it. The technical standards here are very high; there is no improvisation or uncertainty, and we have some interesting works which transcend a too inveterate precision and finish, coming from late renaissance inspiration, and which suggest freer tendencies in design.

Confining ourselves mainly to pictures and passing over some academic experiments, we come first to the so-called realists. Of records in this literal kind the powerful and often sentient landscape of Edward W. Redfield is typical; but we might take some less familiar instance, as the Westfield River by George L. Noyes, where there seems a more flexible vision. Something in the construction here, as in the foreground flora and stones, goes beyond the near and tangible, and is on the way to revelation. A landscape by George Bellows, hung high in the New York Academy, improves on acquaintance, and has, without a secure style, a touch of passion. He has studied Winslow Homer to some purpose. Another promising realist, if not yet important, is Paul Cornoyer, who has a moving human theme. In sheer truth of literal presentation, with a more conventional style and without atmosphere, Frederick J. Waugh's deep-sea piece is impressive. Theodore Wendel, for all his fresh and vivid outlook, seems less actual, more forced in color, than several artists of realistic tendency whom we might mention. Figures or portraits may be literal even where they approach a decorative impulse, as with the two brilliant examples of William M. Paxton and the facile portrait of Miss Townsend by John S. Sargent.

To come to the ideal category, we may note tentatively some bold essays, and conclude with what seems indubitable. Abbott H. Thayer attempts beauty in The Virgin, but fails of actual performance. In Marcelle, an ambitious, if still academic, nude, as in two landscapes, Frederic Carl Friesike is distinguished, but not yet secure. The same may be said of Paul Dougherty's White Tide, which only needs a style corresponding to its idea and its design to be impressive. Among the landscape luminists truth in this kind sometimes becomes poetic. It is hard to choose, but one feels in Walter Griffin an ideal mood and a clear utterance. The Red Peppers of Alice Mumford Roberts have an intensity, fervor, and insight which seem like the "sudden matter" of the lyric muse. In the same brilliant room one notes two works by W. W. Gilchrist, jr., a Renoir- and Besnard-like Model's Rest, and A Study in Lavender, the latter tender as Gainsborough. For what seems definite achievement and high originality we may cite—besides the Brush and the Winslow Homer already mentioned—the fine portrait of Edward A. Schmidt by the veteran Thomas Eakins, a genre-piece by Edmund C. Tarbell, and good examples of the art of J. Alden Weir and Childe Hassam. In sculpture an idealized portrait by Charles Grafly and a figure for a Fountain of Youth by Bela A. Pratt should be noted.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

"The Acropolis of Athens," by Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge, and "Greek Architecture," by Prof. Allan Marquand, are promised for this spring by the Macmillan Company.

Perhaps the most interesting article in the January number of the *Burlington Magazine* is that on "Whistler and Modern Art," by C. J. Holmes. Mr. Holmes remarks that the neglected masters of the immediate past are now the "object of universal praise and eager competition; the popular favorites of the century are, almost without exception, worthless." The result of this "salesroom collapse of Academy reputations" is that amateurs have become frightened, and that "modern paintings are rarely bought" at all. In order to remedy this state of affairs Mr. Holmes proposes to instruct the possible picture buyer how, in sporting phrase, to pick the winners, and so avoid wasting his money; and he does it in this wise. The painters now in vogue were all innovators, consequently innovators should be chosen for patronage. But imitation of nature can be carried no further, truth of detail having been pushed to its limit by the Preraphaelites and truth of effect by the impressionists. Innovation can no longer come by addition of new truths—it must come by the suppression of old ones, and the true novelty will be "the omission of something which has never been omitted before." The result will be "oddity, incompleteness, ugliness"; and the collector is practically bidden to "back" (the word is Mr. Holmes's) the odd, the incomplete, and the ugly. In the present state of modern painting this should leave him plenty of room for choice. In all this, of course, there is an element of truth, but Mr. Holmes seems to us to neglect some important considerations. In the absence of sound traditions, the nineteenth century was an age of experimenting in art, its strongest men innovators; but it has not always been so, and it does not follow that it will always be so. Even in the past century there was that high priest of classicism, Ingres, whose reputation is to-day greater than ever it was, and there was Millet—an ingrained conservative whose "innovation" consisted in a return to the eternal principles of the grand style. Who shall say that the next revolution of a generation wearied of clever imitation of nature shall not be a frank reaction to the point of view of the great classic masters of painting? Their methods are not exhausted because they are inexhaustible, and there is infinite scope for the development of real individuality within the limits of what they would have recognized as sound art. This is the attitude taken by Kenyon Cox in his article, in the same number of the magazine on "The Recent Work of E. C. Tarbell," that artist being praised for "such simply beautiful painting" as is "rarer to-day than it has been in the past." The number also contains an interesting appreciation of the late Charles Eliot Norton by Henry James.

A somewhat bumptious little book is "The History of Engraving, from Its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick," by Stanley Austin (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). A gift of fine words the author evidently regards as an important part of his equipment. To him "Art is the child of romance which cradled in dreams has ripened into undying reality. It is the Aphrodite of the imagination, and, like its parent, is possessed of undying charm." Mr. Austin also has knowledge of some of the facts of his subject, although it is questionable if he possesses a clear idea of just what constitutes engraving. A considerable portion of the book, for instance, is devoted to book blocks and other wood cuts, which can hardly be called engravings at all. Wood cutting is a knife process, whereas wood engraving, which came in with Bewick, is a process of true engraving. One is tempted to quarrel with the proportions allotted to the different topics, but doubtless in a popular manual for English readers it is necessary to give much space to those branches, such as mezzotint and stipple, that British collectors have affected. The perfervid eulogies of Bartolozzi and Bewick, while not altogether unmerited, are lacking in restraint and sense of values. It is an unpardonable exaggeration to say that "Language can hardly err in praise of Bewick, for he was, in a sense, to Art what Shakespeare was to Letters." Apropos of the mooted question whether Holbein personally cut any of the blocks bearing his designs, the author holds it probable that it was his practice to draw directly upon the wood, and that both he and Luetzelburger were responsible for the cutting. This opinion is not held by the best authorities.

Jacques Reich of this city has added to his series of etched portraits of authors a

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Robert Louis Stevenson, fourteen inches by eleven and a quarter. The picture represents Stevenson at a desk with pen in hand, but looking up, as if to speak. And it is a speaking likeness—the marvellously keen, bright eye in a face curiously touched with melancholy. It is a portrait which, like the style of Stevenson, becomes more fascinating as one studies it—in spite of the fact that the cheeks are fuller, less gaunt than most persons had supposed them to be in Stevenson's later years.

Prof. A. H. Sayce has discovered the true site of the ancient city of Meroe, which had hitherto been placed near the temples of Naga, about twenty-five miles inland from the Nile. The ancient remains found and identified by Professor Sayce are about three miles from Kabushia Station, near Shendi, which is half-way between Khartum and Atbara. The identification was made possible by the discovery of the great wall of inner defences, and the remains of the Temple of Amon mentioned by Strabo, as well as the Avenue of Rams, leading up to the temple. There were also found a life-size statue of a king, scarabs, seals, pottery, a slab with Greek inscriptions, etc. —material dating from 700 B. C. to 300 A. D. The determining of the true site of Meroe is of special importance, since the buried cities of Ethiopia, mentioned by early historians, can be approximately determined by their known distance from Meroe.

The systematic excavation of the Phœnician settlement of Motya, an island off Sicily, is now in active progress. The walls, partly composed of huge unworked rocks in "Cyclopean" style, and partly of well-wrought masonry, have been carefully explored. Both the northern and southern gates with their massive battlements are fine survivals of the Phœnician fortifications. Two stone staircases in the line of the walls have been disclosed. A remarkable find is a rectangular enclosure, substantially built of stone, at the southern end of the island, which evidently served as a small inland harbor with a narrow channel leading to the sea. A necropolis has also been discovered at the northern extremity of the island, which seems to have been in use both in prehistoric and early Phœnician times. The remains of the buildings of Motya, which we know from the account of Diodorus to have been both numerous and magnificent, have not as yet been properly investigated, but are likely to yield a rich harvest.

Among the exhibtions at the dealers' galleries in this city are textiles, embroideries, and Persian and Racca faience at Bauer-Folsom's, till February 20; miniatures by Helène Paulini and etchings by Whistler and Jacques Reich, Katz's, February 22; old pewter, M. Johnson Brown & Co.'s, March 1; engraved portraits of Lincoln and Washington, O'Brien's, March 9.

A Société pour la Reproduction des Dessins de Maîtres has been formed in Paris for the publication of little-known drawings in private and public collections.

Maurice Roy, in a paper read before the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, has made out the existence of two artists, instead of one, by the name of Jean Cousin. He has not determined their relationship.

In the death of Russell Sturgis on February 11, the *Nation* has lost a contributor whose ready pen and whose wide knowledge of architecture and of various minor arts were constantly and generously at its service. Mr. Sturgis was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1836. After graduation from the College of the City of New York he studied architecture here and in Munich, his first master being Leopold Eidlitz, who was prominent in the Gothic revival. As a practising architect Mr. Sturgis designed a number of important buildings, including the Yale Chapel, at New Haven, and the Farnham and Durfee dormitories. In 1880 ill-health compelled him to give up active business, and for a while he resided in Europe. On his return to this country he devoted most of his energy to the work of connoisseur and critic, and despite the disadvantage of weak eyes, wrote largely for the leading magazines and for various dictionaries and encyclopædias. Besides revising Lübke's "History of Art," he had undertaken a general "History of Architecture," to be completed in three volumes (volume I reviewed in the *Nation*, July 4, 1907, p. 20); it is to be hoped that he has left manuscript for the completion of this which promised to be his greatest work. Other books by him are: "Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures" (1868), "European Architecture, a Historical Study" (1896), "Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art" (1897), "How to Judge Architecture" (1903), "The Appreciation of Sculpture" (1904), "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design" (1905), "The Appreciation of Pictures" (1905), and "A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design" (1905). In all his writing, as in his intercourse with men, he was steadfast for what is fine and of good report.

Finance.

ASPECTS OF THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The fact that the opening weeks of 1909 have been marked by general lack of activity and enthusiasm in American finance has disconcerted the markets in which there had been many predictions of such revival. Two opposite opinions have all along been held by experienced financiers, regarding the exceptional nature of the markets of 1908—one, that the panic of 1907 was really no such serious affair as people imagined, and that the rapid return to "booming markets" merely reflected the quick restoration of trade conditions which never ought to have been interrupted; the other, that the Stock Exchange demonstrations of 1908 must be classed as psychological rather than economic phenomena, and that while a steady betterment of industrial conditions, as compared with the close of 1907, was undoubtedly in progress, the greater part of the Wall Street speculation was based on pure illusion.

The exact truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. The view of a neutral observer is presented in the review of finance for 1908 issued by the London office of the Swiss Bankverein, an institution of high standing:

> The leaders of American finance and industry have, with shrewd instinct, taken in this crisis the very action most conducive to the fostering of confidence. They bought boldly, assiduously, and profusely. They bought railway shares on heavy declines and thereby raised the credit of their companies; they bought bonds and thus encouraged and attracted investment capital. . . . It is scarcely necessary to state that the entire economic fabric could not at once be restored to its former activity; that many had to contend with financial difficulties; that works still remained closed, and even those financially sound were only partly employed; that numerous hands continued idle; but the fact has been established beyond disproof that by their timely and determined action, the magnates checked pessimism, which was gaining ground, and enabled a more hopeful disposition to prevail.

In this view there is no doubt some force. But it must be obvious that, if expectations are raised to a pitch where the actual events in trade and industry do not and cannot justify them, disappointment and unwarranted pessimism are the penalty. This is precisely what has happened. The extraordinary outburst of hope, jubilation, and speculation, in November, was based on an outright fallacy—namely, that trade depression, business losses, and damaged credit could be instantaneously swept away by the fact of Mr. Taft's election. The review already cited closes with the remark:

> Now that the first burst of enthusiasm over the result of the Presidential election has subsided, it is generally admitted, apparently even in America, that a more sober view should be taken of the prospects of trade and industry.

What, then, will be discovered by those who now take this "more sober view"? First, that so far from a great "trade boom" having burst forth instantaneously the morning after election, in no subsequent month have the volume and activity of business equalled the record of October. Even the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation reached in that month their high level of 1908, and have since shown slight but continuous decrease. At the moment, it is probable that the steel industry, which is usually typical, is working at about 60 per cent. of normal. At the close of 1907, the ratio was declared on good authority to be 28 per cent.; last summer it was something like 50. This, in a general way, sums up the position of things in the majority of trades. The exception, possibly, is dry goods, where the present activity probably exceeds that of most other industries, largely because of last year's prompt readjustment of prices to altered conditions.

If, in reading the account of an old-

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time financial panic of the first magnitude, one were to learn that from 28 per cent. the volume of trade had recovered within fifteen months to 60 per cent., one's verdict would be that recuperation had been remarkably satisfactory. That, in our judgment, is the reasonable way to look at the present condition of American industry. It ought to be understood that the October panic of 1907 was not a "Wall Street flurry," not an accident due to a slip in the arrangements of one or two New York trust companies, not merely a senseless outbreak of distrust among depositors, and not a sudden flight for safety by people who had all at once become dismayed over President Roosevelt's attitude. By this time we have surely had enough of pointing to incidents and symptoms, and declaring that they were causes of the malady. What sensible people now know is, that the whole financial world had been over-exploiting credit, during 1905 and 1906, precisely as it did in 1871 and 1872; that the strain had grown too great; that eminent financiers and economists had in advance warned not only our markets, but Europe's also, of what was overhanging; that the collapse began in countries thousands of miles away from us, before it came in the United States; and that the particular violence of the crisis in this country was the penalty for the particular extravagance of our great speculators' use of credit.

Recovery from a downfall of this sort must in the nature of things be gradual; conservatism must take the place of rashness, and economy of waste. Such has been the nature of our recovery to date. Illusions fostered by Stock Exchange manipulation cannot really hasten the progress of convalescence. That will pursue its normal course. Nor does the present effort to place on the tariff discussion the blame for the seeming stagnation in producing markets help the matter. The *Iron Age*, which will hardly be accused of "free-trade sympathies," dismisses this argument contemptuously, assigning present conditions to "lack of demand and growing domestic competition," and intimating plainly that manufacturers who, at a juncture such as this, are standing out for the prices of prosperity, are themselves responsible for the present particular slowness of improvement. With this view we cordially agree; the fact is that, up to the present time, the pace of recovery has been more rapid than there was reason to expect fifteen months ago. That this gradual recovery will continue, and that it will be no less sure and genuine because it is gradual, we are fully convinced.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aguilar, Grace. Edmund, the Exiled Prince, and Wallace, the Dauntless Chief. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Aguilar, Grace. Macintosh, the Highland Chief: A Tale of the Civil War. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Bacon, Benjamin Wisner. The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Baker, Ray Stannard. New Ideals in Healing. Frederick A. Stokes. 85 cents net.

Bardeen, C. W. John Brody's Astral Body and Other Stories About Schools. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Beaulieu, Paul Leroy. Collectivism: A Study of Some of the Leading Social Questions of the Day. Translated by Arthur Clay. Dutton. $3 net.

Bellet, Daniel. Les Grandes Antilles. Paris: E. Guilmoto.

Bell, Ralcy Husted. The Changing Values of English Speech. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

Bonar, Horatius. Hymns. Selected by his son, H. N. Bonar. Henry Frowde.

Book of Filial Duty. Translated from the Chinese of the Hsiao Ching, by Ivan Chên. Dutton. 40 cents, net.

Brahms, Johannes. The Herzogenberg Correspondence. Edited by Max Kalbeck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. Dutton. $3 net.

Bridgman, Raymond L. The Passing of the Tariff. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Colmore, G. Priests of Progress. B. W. Dodge.

Cornwallis, Kinahan. The War for the Union, or The Duel Between North and South: A Poetical Panorama. Wall Street Daily Investigator.

Courteault, Paul. Blaise de Monluc. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle. A New History of Painting in Italy. Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. 1. Dutton. $5 net.

Cullen, Rev. John. The Hundred Best Hymns in the English Language. Dutton. 50 cents.

Davis, J. McCan. How Abraham Lincoln Became President. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois Co.

Gospel According to Saint Mark. Henry Frowde.

Graves, Frank Pierrepont. A History of Education before the Middle Ages. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Hague, George. Banking and Commerce. Bankers' Publishing Co. $3.

Harris, Frank. The Bomb. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Henshaw, Nevil G. Aline of the Grand Woods: A Story of Louisiana. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hodges, George. The Apprenticeship of Washington, and Other Sketches of Significant Colonial Personages. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Holland, Clive. How to Use a Camera. Dutton. 50 cents.

Hollis, A. C. The Nandi: Their Language and Folk-Lore. Henry Frowde.

Hoyt, Arthur S. The Preacher: His Person, Message, and Method. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Huelsen, Ch. The Roman Forum: Its History and Its Monuments. Translated by Jesse Benedict Carter. G. E. Stecher. $1.75.

Knapp, Margaret L. But Still a Man. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

McCahan, Belle Travers. The Preshu Child. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Magic Casement. The Anthology of Fairy Poetry. Edited by Alfred Noyes. Dutton. $2 net.

Manucci, Niccolao. Storia do Mogor, or Mogul India. 1653-1708. Translated by William Irvine. Vol. IV. London: John Murray. $3.75 net.

Nine Spanish Poems. Collected by F. de Arteaga y Pereira. Henry Frowde.

Radau, Hugo. Letters to Cassite Kings from the Temple Archives of Nippur. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Ray, Anna Chapin. The Bridge Builders. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Schauffler, Robert Haven. Lincoln's Birthday. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Schinz, Albert. Anti-Pragmatisme. Paris: Félix Alcan.

Shakespeare Word-Book. John Foster. Dutton. $3 net.

Sheldon, Henry C. Sacerdotalism in the Nineteenth Century: A Critical History. Eaton & Mains. $2 net.

Smaith, J. C. Araminta. Moffat, Yard. $1.50.

South African Natives: Their Progress and Present Condition. Edited by the South African Native Races Committee. Dutton. $2 net.

Terence's Famulus. Edited by John Sargeaunt. Henry Frowde.

Towler, W. G. Socialism in Local Government. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Vernon, William Warren. Readings on the Paradiso of Dante. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.

Waller, Mary E. Our Benny. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

Williams, M. Atkinson. Report on the Teaching of English in the United States. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Wollaston, A. F. R. From Ruwenzori to the Congo. Dutton. $5 net.

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